REPORT ON POLAND

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Charity Begins at Spandau

THE bare announcement that the Four Powers are to discuss the conditions in which the seven Nuremberg criminals are held at Spandau conceals some very curious intrigues in Bonn and London. On this issue, a Labour backbencher, Mr. Arthur Lewis, has been plying the Government with questions. So far, the Foreign Secretary has succeeded in evading Mr. Lewis. But the British public has the right to know what is going on behind its back.

A hint of what those intrigues are, and who are the intriguers, was lately given by Mr. Jack Fishman in his book *The Seven Men of Spandau.* Mr. Fishman revealed that Doenitz, von Neurath, and Funk, to name only three, have been for long in secret correspondence with their friends outside, and he is convinced that through these friends pressure has been exerted in London and Washington in order to obtain an early release. Challenged to prove this allegation, Mr. Fishman has placed in our hands some remarkable documents. We hold, for instance, the photostat of a long, illicit letter from Doenitz to his wife, in which the man named as Hitler's successor in 1945 gives instructions to his political associates in Western Germany. We have also texts of two letters from eminent persons in London; their names we propose at present to withhold. One is from a distinguished lady who is an intimate of Cabinet Ministers. Written to Frau von Neurath, it contains, in addition to expressions of great sympathy, the explicit assurance that the Government is eager to see her husband "liberated" as soon as possible. The second was addressed to Frau Doenitz by one of the high dignitaries of the Established Church. The writer, after blaming the Russians for the failure to improve conditions in Spandau, penned the following words:

> Your husband is one of the victims of the present unfortunate political situation. I have every sympathy with you in the matter.

In our view these three letters completely confirm the charges brought by Mr. Fishman. The intrigues of the prisoners have been successful and the British and American Governments are now seeking to obtain the release on grounds of ill health of at least three of them. After that, it is hoped that public opinion will be ready to accept the release of the remaining four, three of whom were condemned to life sentences.

In passing judgment on this strange affair, it is important not to misjudge the motives of the eminent personages who have been persuaded to play a part. Admiral Raeder and Baron von Neurath are both old and infirm; Funk is undoubtedly a sick man. Every civilised person will agree that they should be humanely treated.

But the Church dignitary goes very much further than this, and it is worth reflecting on the moral and political implications of his sympathetic letter. Admiral Doenitz is still a vigorous man, capable of playing a leading role in affairs of State. He is known to be in contact not only with the Naumann group of avowed Nazis, but with leading members of the Adenauer administration, some of whom intend that after his release he shall be given a high position in the newly constituted Wehrmacht. By what concept of charity can this war criminal be described as "one of the victims of the present unfortunate political situation?"

We fear that the answer is clear. It is now realised that London and Washington can only win the confidence of Western Germany if Britain and America cease to treat the leaders of the Wehrmacht as war criminals. To win the confidence of those who now rule in Bonn, it is not sufficient merely to sign a treaty which ends the Occupation. The concept of German war crimes must be expunged from the historical records. Since Bolshevism is now recognised as the enemy of Western civilisation, the slur must be removed from the honour of the German army which was prematurely anti-Bolshevik in 1941.

To Germans, and particularly Army officers and civil servants, this issue of German honour is all important; and the tone of these letters from London will seem to them to imply an act of rehabilitation for all those public servants condemned in 1945 for collaborating with the Third Reich. If these correspondents complain that an expression of humane feelings is thereby being distorted for political ends, they must be sharply reminded that this is something of which people of their position should take account. Their humbler countrymen have the right to demand of the Prime Minister the full details of this intrigue.

Neguib's Lost Week-end

Last week-end's events in Cairo have illustrated the real nature of the earlier crisis in which the Revolutionary Council failed in its attempt to depose General Neguib. A month ago Neguib was saved by both the intervention of the cavalry corps and the fervent demonstrations of the Cairo populace. Last week-end public opinion swung behind Colonel Nasser and Major Saleh Salem, while the cavalry officers seem to have made no attempt to move in Neguib's support. The simple explanation appears to be that, at the beginning of March, most civilian and much Army opinion was not prepared to believe that Neguib was actually ready to liquidate the Revolution. His return to power gave him the chance of proving to everybody that this was, in fact, his intention; and when it became clear, during the past two weeks, that his plan for a return to constitutional government meant no more than the restoration of the old Parties, popular opinion revolted and Colonel Nasser had won the day. For the present, at any rate, the Revolutionary Council continues to govern. As we go to press, General Neguib is still its titular head, but it would be wise to assume that power lies now with Colonel Nasser and the younger officers. It is, thus, possible to hope for another cycle of relative stability in Egyptian affairs, during which an agreement with Britain over Suez may again become practicable. Indeed, without such an agreement neither stability nor progress in Egypt is likely to be long-lived. Mr. Eden would be well advised to take his courage in both hands at once and seize the chance he threw away in Neguib's hey-day. Meanwhile, Colonel Nasser and the young officers must realise that a revolution based only on removing the "imperialists" and the "old politicians" has not enough social content to maintain its momentum. Last week-end, for the first time, the Egyptian trade unions took what seems to have been carefully planned political action in support of Colonel Nasser. This could be the first step towards a genuinely popular revolution, against an evil social system. But such a revolution will require expert, no less than bold, leadership.

The Israel-Jordon Frontier

The absence of any constructive British policy towards the Middle East as a whole is further demonstrated by yet another outbreak of frontier violence between Jordan and Israel. Last week an Israeli bus, proceeding along the new road from Elath to Beersheba, a dozen miles inside Israeli territory, was ambushed, and eleven of the fifteen passengers were killed. The evidence that this incident was the work of Jordanian marauders appears very strong—though the neutral chairman of the Mixed Armistice Commission held that it was not conclusive and refused to give his casting vote in support of the Israeli complaint. On March 24, Mr. Sharett announced to the Knesset that since the Commission "has failed in its responsibility," the Israeli Government will "discontinue participation in its work." This is a disquieting symptom of increasing tension on the frontier. It has been followed by yet a further incident, in which a body of armed Jews—the Jordan Government claim 200: the U.N. investigators conclude 35 to 50—attacked the Jordan village of Nahalin, causing damage and casualties. Mr. Sharett, referring to this incident, claims that it is not a "retaliation," but a "local affair by way of reaction" to a recent murder in the Jerusalem Corridor. The form of words does not matter much: the pattern of events remains forbodingly unchanged—a series of minor incidents of violence by the Jordanian gangs, followed by an organised military reprisal by the Israeli frontier guards. And with each incident the prospect of peace becomes more remote. This journal has again and again emphasised the responsibility that lies on Britain to create the conditions in which peace becomes possible. Again and again, we have pointed out that the existing frontier, which is no more than a haphazard armistice line, must remain a festering wound in the absence of a constructive policy towards the Arab world. That policy must be based on (1) guaranteeing the security of an Israeli-Jordan frontier; (2) the lifting of the Arab boycott of Israel; (3) the compensation and resettlement of the Arab refugees—a work in which the Arab Governments must co-operate; (4) the ploughing back of some of the vast oil revenues, now accruing to the Arab rulers, for the benefit of their poverty-stricken peoples.

The Chancellor Takes Stock

In this year's *Economic Survey,* Mr. Butler begins by patting himself on the back, and ends by taking a view of the future whose complacency is justifiable only because he is dealing with prospects on a very short-term basis. With one exception, it is claimed, everything went well in the past twelve months. There was an improvement in the U.K. balance of payments with non-sterling countries, and in the balance of the sterling area as a whole. There was a slight recovery in British exports (thanks largely to bigger shipments of armaments and aircraft), and the "stimulating" 1953 Budget did its work at home: industrial production rose by 6 per cent., as a result, partly, of a 4 per cent. rise in consumer expenditure and, partly, of an increase in Defence production, house-building and stocking-up. The one admitted flaw in the pleasant pattern is that, despite last year's budgetary incentives, there was no increase in capital investment by private industry.

As for the future, the Chancellor concedes that the outlook is clouded by current signs of recession in the U.S.; but, so far, this has had no "violent" impact on Britain or the sterling area, and the U.S. administration "has affirmed readiness to take special action, if necessary, to check any cumulative downward movement." So, with increased reliance on sales of armaments and aircraft stimulated by American offshore orders, British exports should continue to do well and we should still enjoy the benefit of the improved terms of trade which served the balance of payments so luckily last year. We must avoid, to be sure, any inflationary increase in wage levels—though last year's consumption of most essential foods, be it noted, compares very unfavourably with that of 1950—and, with a buyer's market developing all over the world, British costs and export prices must be competitive, irrespective of further recession in the U.S. With consumer demand likely to be well maintained at home and defence expenditure on the upgrade, British economic activity in 1954 should be "well maintained." Will there be an increase in capital investment by manufacturing industry, so as to improve our long-term competitive ability? The answer is cautious: "there will be physical resources available."

Budget Choices and Chances

In so far as the *Survey* gives any indication of general budgetary intentions, the impression it conveys is that Mr. Butler, pleased with the results of last year's "easy" Budget, will do his best to repeat the dose this year. Since he will have to cover an estimated increase of about £300m. on the Expenditure side, as well as the extra cost in a full year of the 1953 tax remissions, it looks at first sight as if his scope for further "stimulating incentives" is narrow. On the other hand, there has been considerable expansion of industrial profits and other taxable incomes; he may be able to bring into account large receipts from liquidation of Government food stocks: he may make a further cut in consumers' food subsidies; and, through the process of pushing local authorities into the capital market for their borrowings, the excess of "below the line" payments will be greatly reduced. Thus, if he takes a roseate view of revenue from existing taxes and forgoes last year's "above the line" £100m. surplus, Mr. Butler may so arrange his accounts that he can claim justification for giving something away.

If such generosity can be made to look fiscally respectable, it will be interesting to see where the largesse is distributed. Given the *Survey's* admission about the inadequacy of capital investment, and the long-term uncertainties of the American and world markets, a strict economist at the Treasury would concentrate on direct encouragements to capital investment—repeal of tax on undistributed profits, increased "initial allowances," or higher allowances for depreciation. Such a policy, however, would not make for a "popular" budget. If he has political advantage in mind, yet feels that he cannot afford to stimulate demand for durable consumer goods by a further cut in the standard rate of income tax, Mr. Butler's generosity—if another "easy" Budget be indeed his decision—seems likely to be spread as widely as possible. Old age pensions, a beginning with equal pay, earlier repayment of post-war credits, increased family allowance for direct tax-payers—all, or some, of these are obvious possibilities for a "popular" Budget if the Tories have already decided on an early General Election.

PARIS

Deadlock Over the Saar

Our Paris Correspondent writes: When M. Bidault returned in triumph from Berlin, the ratification of E.D.C. seemed almost assured. Since then, however, the Government's carefully laid plans for the progressive fulfilment of its three pre-conditions—agreement on the Saar, British guarantees and the inclusion of the additional protocols—have gone seriously adrift. The main obstacle is not, as was expected, the extent of the British guarantees, but agreement over the Saar. When M. Bidault met Dr. Adenauer on March 9, he had every reason to suppose—as Mr. Dulles had assured him at Berlin—that the Chancellor would accept the French twelve-point interpretation of the Van Natters plan. During their talk, however, and during the subsequent meetings between M. François-Poncet and the German Foreign Office technicians, it soon became apparent that there was agreement only as to the agenda. Adenauer made it clear that, though he was prepared to agree to substantial economic concessions to France, the principle of "Europeanisation" was unacceptable to a large section of his majority. Meanwhile, the increasingly Chauvinism of the German Press and the recent declaration of Herr Dehler, president of the German Liberal Party ("recognition that the Saar is German territory must be the basis of any discussion") have tended to stiffen the attitude of French Deputies.

It is, of course, possible that M. Schuman's thesis, that E.D.C. should be ratified with a proviso about the Saar, will be accepted. It is also possible that Bidault and Adenauer may sign an "agreement in principle," leaving the all-important details to be settled after ratification. But it is doubtful whether either of these solutions would be acceptable to the Assembly. Moreover, the Saar is not the only point at issue. As the Assembly Foreign Affairs Commission recently reminded M. Bidault, the texts ratified by the Dutch, Belgian and German Parliaments made no mention of the additional protocols first put forward by M. René Mayer last year; nor did the amendments to the fundamental law of the Federal Republic, which were signed by President Heuss last week. M. François-Poncet agreed to give his approval to them only on the assumption that they referred exclusively to the complaint brought before the constitutional court by the Social Democrats. But this, as M. Daniel Mayer pointed out, is a very hazardous assumption. On behalf of the Foreign Affairs Commission, he wrote an indignant letter to M. Bidault calling on him to explain the Government's attitude. The reaction of the Gaullists was even more bellicose: M. Gaston Palewski declared that the Party might be obliged, in the interests of the country, to overthrow the Government.

Meanwhile, what are the "Europeans" doing? For some time there has been talk of a new Government based on the most pro-E.D.C. elements. Last week M. Bidault arranged a dinner-party at which, presumably, this subject was to have been discussed. But of the principal pro-E.D.C. leaders, MM. Mollet and René Mayer were unable to attend, and M. Pinay—for some inexplicable reason—was not invited. On top of this fiasco came the Senate amendments (tantamount to rejection) of M. Barrachin's constitutional reform. This Bill, by limiting the number of votes required for an investiture to a relative majority, would have made it far easier to replace M. Laniel. The second reading before the Chamber of Deputies has now been postponed until after Easter, and it seems unlikely that Deputies will stomach an investiture debate before Geneva. Finally, Dr. Conant's speech on Saturday, in which he hinted at an "alternative solution," followed immediately by Marshal Juin's calculated indiscretion, has still further confused matters. To judge by the spate of denials and contradictory statements currently pouring forth from the Quai d'Orsay, it seems as though M. Bidault—at least temporarily—has lost control of the situation.

WISCONSIN

"Joe Must Go"

A Correspondent in Sauk City writes: It is doubtful whether Leroy Gore, editor and owner of *Sauk-Prairie Star*, really thought through all the implications of his movement to recall Senator McCarthy before he made his decision last week to circulate petitions to collect 403,804 signatures in a 60-day period. Soft-spoken and slow in manner, this man, who "scurried around to the back entrance of a tavern to get Joe two or three brandies" just before his 1952 campaign speech in a neighbouring town, is not yet sure whether the U.S. Constitution will allow voters to recall a Senator. All he is sure of is that "over the past six or seven months" he has grown "uneasy about Joe." While never an enthusiastic McCarthy supporter, he had thought "Joe" was needed "because we were a little complacent" about spies in the Government. But the straw that broke the camel's back "was Joe's attack on General Zwicker," a hero in out-state Wisconsin, although he began doubting "Joe's" sincerity when "he called Stevenson a Communist."

It looks as if Leroy Gore, "a little country editor," and a Republican for thirty years, was keenly sensitive to the pulse of his community and his state. At any rate, his decision to launch his petition drive was not timed to coincide with the events that now promise to be McCarthy's undoing; these he readily admits he never foresaw. For the last two months he held back for fear he would lose circulation. Since he made his decision fifteen volunteers have been working day and night in his crowded, cluttered office, with hand-fed presses pounding in the background, unable to keep up with the avalanche of requests for petitions and offers of money. So far he has refused the money, pending the formation of an organisation which can take over. Several names have already been suggested, such as the "Joe Must Go Committee" and SCRAM—Special Committee to Recall Anti-American McCarthy. But as yet no organisation has been created.

Several leading Republican industrialists in the state have offered their help, including permission to circulate petitions in their factories. At least one leading national Republican figure has offered financial assistance. Four County G.O.P. chairmen, who were all-out supporters of McCarthy in 1952, were among the first to start circulating petitions to recall him. There were six volunteer workers in the office of the *Star* at the time of my interview: three ardent Republicans and three ardent Democrats working side by side. Three of these were members of a large Catholic Church in the area in which the entire congregation has turned "anti-Joe" in recent months, although the priest still openly supports McCarthy. There is as yet no indication of organised farmer support, although individual farmers are coming into his office from the surrounding area to sign petitions and take some along with them. In fact, as yet there has been no organised support from any source for this movement. Labour is dragging its feet; only three local unions have requested petitions. The Wisconsin C.I.O. has refused support; the A.F.L. has said nothing. Contrary to what Leroy Gore anticipated, this has been a groundswell of little people rather than organisations—leaving him at the helm. He reasoned that "labor unions and Democrats would take it up," never dreaming that the deluge would descend on his shoulders.

Leroy Gore has taken a quiet personal interest and pride in every letter that has come, though he was visibly unimpressed, however, by the fact that *Life* was sending a man out to interview him, a newsreel News was recording this historic occasion, and that A.B.C. telephoned to make arrangements for an interview on a nation-wide hook-up, and C.B.S.-T.V. Newsreel arrived to do a door-to-door canvass of pro- and anti-McCarthy sentiment in Sauk City. The people of Wisconsin have acted with clarity and speed, despite the "wait and see" attitude of their organisations and leaders. If they act with the same degree of wisdom, country editor Leroy Gore may find himself the next junior Senator from Wisconsin.

ROME

The Scope for Scandal

Our Rome Correspondent writes: The Opposition's attempts to link the Montesi case directly with Scelba's Cabinet may not diminish its Parliamentary majority. But in connection with the name of Tommaso Pavone, ex-Chief of Police, there are politically important issues; the two foremost are drug traffic and tax evasion, both of which have been handled very inefficiently in the past.

As long ago as December, 1950, the U.N. Narcotics Commission denounced an Italian firm in Turin as a manufacturer of synthetic heroin; and although, four months later, synthetic drugs were brought under the same laws as natural drugs, it was not until January, 1953, that the Guardia di Finanze took steps against the firm. Milan and Naples are still known to be the centres of a flourishing traffic. Likewise, the laughably small tax returns made by Ugo Montagna exemplify what is held to be a common practice, long under fire from the "lay democratic" parties and the Left. Finally, grave doubts have been aroused by the credulity (to put it no stronger) shown by Signor Pavone's police in connection with the whole Montesi case; and similar suspicions have been directed at the section of the Carabinieri involved in the mystery of how the Sicilian bandit Giuliano and his aides actually met their deaths.

These questions have supplied more solid ammunition to the anti-democratic extremes of Left and Right; but although Signor Scelba may be held theoretically responsible for whatever negligence occurred during his former tenure of the Home Office, even this fact seems unlikely to bring down the Government. Public opinion, indeed, appears to be confused as well as delighted by the succulent details of the scandal; and although Republicans and Left-wing Demochristians have sought to outbid the Opposition calls for a "moralisation of society," the Premier seems to be gaining credit for his administrative firmness and his tactful handling of the constitutional and legal problems raised by Ministerial inquiry into the Civil Service.

The tenor of Signor Scelba's recent proposals for thwarting Fascists and Communists, with the emphasis largely against the latter, suggests that he may hanker after Monarchist votes. But his sharp words on Civil Service trade unionists suggest also that his Strike and Civil Service Bills, whose passage he plans to accelerate, may provoke a certain opposition from his own supporters on the Left.

Heads in the Atomic Sand

During the last fortnight the British people has been reluctantly and painfully lifting its head out of the sand and taking a first horrified look at the Waste Land in which we have been living since 1945. Nothing essential was altered by the big bang on March 1, and nothing will be altered by the series of bigger and better bangs planned for the Spring—nothing except that public opinion has suddenly been stirred. For eight long years, despite the frantic warnings of the scientists and of a few politicians and editors, the British and American peoples have stubbornly refused to study the implications either of the military plans prepared by the Service chiefs or of the diplomatic commitments entered into by successive Governments. In this country, the leaders of both parties have fostered this act of mass self-deception. "Don't listen to the alarmists," they have said; "the world can be made fairly safe for democracy so long as the U.S. remains master of the big bang."

These assurances were unjustified even in the years when the Americans still retained their atomic monopoly. They have been criminal folly ever since Russia showed her capacity to compete in this particular armament race. Since August 8, 1953, whatever deterrent power the H-bomb possessed has been dissipated by the fact that the Russians, too, are making it. The employment of it by the West, therefore, would bring the immediate annihilation of one at least of America's allies, the United Kingdom. Sir Winston and Mr. Eisenhower have both known this perfectly well. But neither has dared to face the logical consequences of that knowledge. Instead of telling us the truth, they have continued to affirm, in defiance of every known fact, that democracy can be defended and aggression deterred so long as America keeps well ahead in the production of big bangs. Now, quite suddenly, the British public is being disillusioned.

Delusion Number One is the notion that, in the thermo-nuclear age, Britain retains control over its destiny. On Tuesday, Sir Winston had to admit, in answer to Labour questions, that it would be useless to propose Anglo-American consultation about the H-bomb because Mr. Eisenhower is forbidden by the MacMahon Act to tell the Prime Minister anything about it. Of course, anyone who wanted to has known this for years, but now even the ostriches are shaking the sand out of their eyes. Norfolk is the main American air base from which the H-bomb will be dropped if an emergency arrives. Yet the British Government is forbidden to learn anything about this bomb, which is to be delivered from Britain and must bring instant retaliation, if not preventive destruction, upon us. We must be content with the assurance that it will not be used—and thus cause our annihilation—unless there are sound reasons for doing so. Those who support German rearmament can also console themselves with the thought that, if they have their way, Western Germany within a few years will be adding to the security of the democracies by building up its own stock pile of H-bombs, from knowledge of which we shall also doubtless be barred on security grounds.

Delusion Number Two is the idea that Western statesmen are in favour of the international control of unconventional weapons, and that the obstacle to such a control comes from the Kremlin. In the House of Commons, Mr. Churchill last Tuesday was explicit on this point. In his view, and that of the President, we cannot afford to sacrifice the security afforded to us by the H-bomb, except as part of general disarmament. Even if the Russians were now prepared to accept the Baruch Plan, the President and the Prime Minister would in our name say "No," unless all conventional weapons were included in the agreement. This statement of Sir Winston's can only mean one thing—that our Chiefs of Staff regard the H-bomb as the Western counterpoise to the Red Army's preponderance on land, and that they plan to use it as the A-bomb was used on Hiroshima. It is not to be held in reserve as a deterrent against the Russian employment of it, and therefore as a last line of defence: on the contrary, it is regarded as our first line of defence against any local act of aggression.

We are amazed that Opposition spokesmen have not challenged Sir Winston on both these issues. It is high time that the Prime Minister was told that the Anglo-American alliance can only be maintained on two conditions. The first is that the secrecy which excludes the British Government from any knowledge of the H-bomb must be ended. The second is that the new strategy which relies on it as our first line of defence must be scrapped. It is nonsense for Mr. Churchill to say that demands for more information from Washington will make his task of obtaining it more difficult. He will only break through the barrier of the MacMahon Act when Washington realises that the secrecy enjoined by that Act is incompatible with a British alliance. As for the new strategy, Mr. Dean Acheson has exposed both its folly and its wickedness in language which, if employed by this journal, would have subjected us to the sternest rebukes on the grounds of anti-Americanism. In an article in last Sunday's *New York Times* Mr. Acheson analysed in detail the significance of "mobile, massive retaliation in places of our own choosing." He pointed out that such a policy, if adopted by America, would divide and weaken the Western coalition.

> America's allies would rightly believe that their very existence was being recklessly exposed to unnecessary risks. Their consent to such a coalition policy could not be expected; their consent to the use by us of bases in their territories could likewise not be accepted. . . . In short, it would be difficult to violate more completely the principles on which successful coalition policy must be founded.

His answer to Mr. Churchill's reliance on the H-bomb as democracy's shield is equally precise.

> Strategic atomic bombing is not our first, but our last, resort, reserved for the dread occasion when we must meet an all-out attack with the full attendant horrors of atomic war. No responsible, certainly no democratic, government would use it on any lesser occasion. Indeed, the very suggestion that it be so used implied the prior end of democratic government.

Here is one American whose head is well out of the sand, and who sees the Waste Land as it really is. If Mr. Acheson can criticise Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles in these terms for their adherence to the new strategy, it is high time that the Opposition here finds a spokesman with similar courage and intellectual honesty to point out that Sir Winston is accepting on behalf of this country the very strategy Mr. Acheson so rightly condemns.

Report on Poland

I—Debits and Credits

[*The author of this series of articles is Washington Correspondent of the Chicago "Sun Times," and formerly spent many years in Europe as Correspondent of the United Press. The picture he presents of Poland, which he has been revisiting, is that seen by a critical, but fair-minded, American observer.*]

Poland today presents a picture of mixed strength and weakness, and it is hard to say which prevails. There is strong opposition to the regime; yet nobody with whom I spoke in Poland sees an acceptable alternative at hand. In a balance sheet, drawn after an intensive fortnight's study, ranging from Warsaw to Wroclaw, Stalinogrod, Oswiecim, Nowa Huta, Cracow and two or three smaller towns and villages, let me first state the debit side.

(1) The secret police, the U.B., are hated and feared. They are numerous and comb the nation, but they are no State within the State: they are an instrument of the ruling Communist Party. Absence of civil liberties, however, is something to which Poles are inured: they have lived successively under Russian, Austrian, German and Polish tyrants.

(2) Development of agriculture is lagging seriously behind that of industry: the pace of industrialisation has been forced. In the past four years Poland's overall industrial output increased by 115 per cent. In the same period, farm production rose by only 9 per cent. This hurt. Among its disadvantages, only in part due to crop failures, it has necessitated buying abroad rye and wheat, a million tons in 1953 and probably another million in 1954, so Prime Minister Cyrankiewicz told me. Funds used for this purpose could much more profitably have been devoted to importing industrial machinery, farm implements or consumers' goods.

(3) The Polish people are still suffering from an acute shortage of consumers' goods, and the quality of much that is available is poor. Communist policy demanded the rapid absorption, not only of the few large industrial plants, but also of small concerns wherever they were privately owned. They were liquidated too swiftly to be replaced promptly by State or Co-operative producers, and this left a big vacuum in the market. Razor blades, hairpins, household utensils, thread and hundreds of other things which most people in our age take for granted were simply unobtainable. Since the Polish Communist Party, following Moscow's lead, decided in 1953 to switch emphasis from heavy to light industries, many of these shortages are being relieved; but in smaller towns and village I was still unable to find common articles. Even

in Warsaw, one day, I noticed a little crowd in a main thoroughfare. It was the sort of cluster I used to see in my Chicago boyhood when people ran to view an injured or dead horse. I hurried to the spot. What attracted the inquisitive citizens, I discovered, was a display of ordinary buttons in a shop window.

(4) One of the ugliest problems facing Poland's rulers is the gap between wages and prices—another aspect of the goods deficiency. Costs put many articles beyond people's reach. If you earn, say, 1,000 zloty a month—which is above the average—you must pay half your monthly income to purchase a cardigan of mediocre quality. It takes 10 days of an average worker's salary to buy a pair of shoes and one month to earn a suit of clothes made of only 60 per cent. wool. To mention just one "luxury": a Polish factory worker has to labour 5½ days to earn enough to pay for one pound of coffee.

(5) Bureaucracy is another evil in contemporary Poland. In taking possession of 99 per cent. of the national economy, the State and other public authorities have swollen their ranks beyond reason. In many shops the customer must wait while the clerk writes a sales chit in triplicate—one copy for the client, one for the store and a third for the Ministry of Internal Trade!

What of the credit side of the ledger?

(*a*) Poland's industralisation has made exceptional headway. There is still much reliance on the Soviet Union and on other Communist States for the supply of machines; but, month by month, the Poles are raising their output of essentials, notably steel and coal, and bringing into production articles like passenger motor cars, heavy machine tools, heavy equipment for steel mills and mines, machinery for chemical and shipbuilding plants, tractors, synthetics and artificial fertilisers. All these are industries Poland never knew before, and the development of heavy industry in the past four years has supplied the base for creating light industries. Since 1949, heavy industry has increased its output by 135 per cent., while consumer goods industries have enlarged their production by 99 per cent. in the same period. Boleslaw Minc, brother of the Politburo member, Hilary Minc, and himself one of the Government's planning experts, told me: "We don't intend to halt the growth of heavy industry, but we shall equalise the rate of growth of light and heavy industry." Meanwhile capital investment in heavy industry in 1955 is to comprise 40.4 per cent. of total investment, compared with 46.7 per cent. in 1953. But State investment in 1955 is to be 45 per cent. larger than in 1953 for agriculture and forestry, 38 per cent. bigger for consumption industries, and 25 per cent. for housing and public services.

(*b*) The most tangible accomplishment of the regime is housing. In one city after another, squalid slums are vanishing. In their place are rising new homes for industrial and white-collar workers and their families. Above all, the rebuilding of Warsaw is a miracle of hard, devoted labour, with 75,000 construction workers and 500 architects on the job. Less than seven years ago, Warsaw was little more than a name on a map. Now it is far advanced towards becoming a fine modern city. True, much construction is shoddy: plaster often cracks after a few months; doors and window frames are made of green wood, and frequently are misfits. But the Government was necessarily in a hurry, as some two million peasants streamed into the cities, leaving farms in favour of factories. Five entirely new industrial towns are being created on village sites.

(*c*) Marked social advancement has come to under-privileged groups. At the top, as in Russia, there is a new privileged class of party officials, bureaucrats, journalists, technicians, and artists. Nevertheless, about 2,500,000 peasants and their families, formerly excluded from the national economy because they were too poor to buy finished goods, are now participants in the market. Miners and others have more social security. They enjoy low rents, averaging perhaps 5 per cent. to 10 per cent. of income. Except for a few rich men like successful novelists, taxes are extremely moderate, usually amounting to 5 per cent. or 7 per cent. of earnings. There has also been a steep jump in the ratio of workers' and peasants' sons and daughters enjoying higher education. They are being given unprecedented chances to learn sciences and modern techniques and to get managerial jobs. The 33-year-old manager of the huge Pa-Fa-Wag railway wagon factory in Wroclaw told me that he came of a poor peasant family, and was himself a peasant till 1945. He is typical of a whole new generation.

As I have said, there is opposition to the regime: although unorganised, the opposition forces (with which I shall deal in a further article) are strong. The crowded churches I visited bore witness to the importance of Catholicism as a channel of silent protests against the ruling system; and the refusal of four-fifths of the peasants to join Collectives or State farms is definite proof of the antagonism to Communism of this vital element in the nation. Yet, if you ask peasants whether they want the land returned to former feudal owners, or the great new industries given to private capitalists, they reply emphatically "No." Even the most apoplectic foes of the Communist Government rally to its support at the mention of West German rearmament or of revising the Oder-Neisse frontier. Every time the United States and Britain fraternise with Adenauer's Germany, Communism sits more firmly in the saddle in Warsaw.

FREDERICK KUH

Paris Diary

IT's a bit of a shock to see, spread out, like old rubbish over the Metro. grill off the Boulevard St. Germain, a bundle of rags which contains a man. You see him, apparently sleeping comfortably, while you walk up and down deciding whether to take your *aperitif* at the café for American Artists or one of the notorious Intellectual cafés or the special rendezvous of the Black Marketeers, or the place where the Dead-end Kids end up their nights at 3 a.m. in the neighbouring police station. The down-and-out still lies there dead to the world, while cars scream across the lights, stopped, when they too flagrantly overrun the mark, by *agents* who blow whistles, and discuss their wrong-doing for anything from five to twenty minutes, while they examine their papers, and fill up immensely complicated forms. The down-and-out, who is probably drunk anyway, since alcoholism (one of the French Government's chief worries for all France) has an immovable hold on most of the *clochards*, has, it seems, about 4,000 fellows in a like predicament. Most of them, probably, are unemployable. They are the most spectacular, but the least to be pitied, of the *misérables*, whose plight has been brought home to France by Father Pierre. He calls himself "the flea whose bite stirs officialdom into action"—a new version of the Socratic gadfly—and it is probably as a conscience-stirrer that he has done most good. He would not claim to have even begun to solve the appalling housing problem of Paris, but I am told that 300 or so temporary houses are now being rushed up. One can at least say that, as a result of his work, M. Laniel, a very rich man, has been induced to part with 50,000 francs (£50), and that it is less likely now than it was a few months ago that a starving girl can be found dying in the streets clutching an eviction order in her hands. That is much.

* * *

It is misleading, in 1954, to talk about a "Popular Front," but it is true that the threat of German rearmament, the widespread "misery" and the unpopularity of American interference are reviving a Front which includes elements from different sections of the population. The chance of such a movement depends, I should say, on whether there is a genuine division within the French Communist Party. Everyone agrees that most of the electorate which votes Communist does so, not because it is pro-Kremlin, but because French Socialism has become a middle-class affair, lacking in dynamism. Again, everyone agrees that the old Communist leaders are doctrinaire and slavish followers of Moscow. The question then is whether there is a younger type of Communist leadership, which, with or without clear directive from Moscow, is prepared for a much more genuine co-operation with other Frenchmen who oppose German rearmament, are angry about prices and poverty, and want to preserve French independence and personal liberty. On this, Jean-Paul Satre, who is, I suppose, the most influential man of letters in France today, has just carried out a most interesting experiment. He was violently attacked, a month ago, in *l'Humanité*, by Jean Kanapa, one of the old-type, hard-shelled Communists, who threw many accusations at his head, including that he was an intellectual traitor and spy. Sartre, who went to the Peace Conference at Vienna and has been expressing increasing sympathy with the French Communist Party, replied with a terrific onslaught on Kanapa, who, on March 24, crawled back in *l'Humanité* with the lamest of "explanations." This unusual Communist reaction certainly seems to justify Sartre's view that the tough line of the Party is now again being repudiated in favour of co-operation with "sympathetic bourgeois elements." He holds that the danger to French liberty now comes from the Right, rather than the Left, and that the Communists are the people who, in our period, will be fighting for freedom, whatever they might do in the future if they won power. In this he appears to agree with a cynical French politician of the Right who said that, if the Russians invaded France, it would only be the Communists who would resist!

* * *

Why does the hopeless and savage colonial war in Viet-Nam go on? The answers that I heard were these. The Americans are now doing most of the paying, and most of the dying is being done by the Vietnamese, and by German, Spanish and other foreign *légionnaires*. This removes some of the urgency from the French demand for peace, though everyone agrees that the war should be wound up. Secondly, the direct negotiations, which Mendès-France rightly says must be carried out with Ho Chi Minh, are now much more difficult than ever before. There cannot be a cease-fire while the battle for Dien Bien Phu is still in the balance. The Government does not like the humiliation of partition, although it admits the necessity of a negotiated settlement. Partition is technically possible, but it would mean abandoning North and Central Viet-Nam to Ho Chi Minh, and leaving Cochin-China, Laos and Cambodia to the "Associated States" and to the French Union. They prefer shelving the question until Geneva, where the idea is that Moscow and Peking may be persuaded to bring pressure on Ho Chi Minh to make peace. The story—it seems to have come from Bidault—that Molotov talked at Berlin of abandoning Ho Chi Minh "as the Russians did Markos in Greece," I found regarded as merely Quai d'Orsay propaganda. The question asked by the British and French Governments is whether Peking and Moscow would use their "good offices" in Indo-China as they did in the case of Korea. It is argued that the whole Communist bloc might be prepared for peace and partition in Asia if Peking were given a place on the Security Council and Chiang Kai-shek were no longer maintained in Formosa, bridgehead for a hypothetical future attack on Southern China. But here's the rub. These are the very terms which Mr. Dulles refuses even to discuss. Which makes the prospect for Geneva grim, and presumably means that some more thousands of unhappy people will be slaughtered in Indo-China.

* * *

On Sunday, I found my friend, famous in the Resistance, working savagely in his garden outside Paris. "If E.D.C. goes through," he said, hammering a young currant bush into its destined position, "we shall have civil war in France." "Civil war?" "Well, perhaps not quite, but Gaulle says he will be the first French conscientious objector to E.D.C., and do you think I and my comrades will serve under a lot of Nazis and S.S. men?" "You won't have to," I said. "E.D.C. only provides for integration at the Corps level, and if they make you a General, as they probably will, you may have to command Germans, not they you." He would have none of it. My friend is fervently anti-Communist, and not by any means irreconcilably anti-German. There are Germans whose alliance he might accept, but with the old crowd back in the Ruhr, the war criminals coming out of jail, and the neo-Nazis clamouring for arms, he is at one with millions of patriotic Frenchmen in finding any kind of German rearmament utterly intolerable. "If E.D.C. goes through," my friend said, "the next time you come, you will find me and my comrades in jail." He feels, you see, strongly in the matter. A British diplomat made the same point in different words: "If E.D.C. goes through," he said, "*it will not add to the stability of France.*"

* * *

I called by invitation on Saturday afternoon at the office of *L'Express*, a nine-month-old weekly journal of opinion edited by Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber. Politically the paper is not so definitely *rangé* as Bourdet's *l'Observateur*, but it is anti-stuffed-shirt in tone and, generally speaking, if not on the side of the angels, at least on the side of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. How was it, I wondered, that the office was open at teatime on Saturday afternoon? I entered a large room where several people were standing scattered amongst a large number of boxes of shoes. A brilliant light was directed to a point about three feet high on the wall where were displayed a pair of gloves pinned to the wall and a pair of scarlet shoes, inside which were the feet of one of those attractive young women whom one expects to meet in fashion advertisements, but not in the flesh. She herself was lying with her back on the floor dexterously managing her skirts as from time to time she changed her shoes. *L'Express* was clearly going in for a new line in advertising. Then I found Schreiber in his room, most alert and surrounded by youth and beauty. The staff are all young and keen, and I feel sure they will succeed. I have never before heard of a paper where the staff all put on gym uniform first thing in the morning and take an hour's exercise before the day's work begins. I am now a little shy of a call from Jean-Jacques at this office. Perhaps I can persuade him that the girls playing basket-ball in Lincolns Inn Fields are really the staff of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

CRITIC

TOP BRASS AND HIGHBROWS

Eggheads of the world, unite! *Adlai Stevenson*

What can eggheads do single-handed?
  Brass hats are many and they are few.
When strict subservience is demanded
As doubtful elements they are branded—
  And what can the lonely egghead do?
Single highbrows brass hats can quell,
So the egghead must come out of his shell.

Why has he been despised, rejected?
  High and bare is his naked brow,
But Army skulls with brass hats protected
By all democracies are respected.
  Rulers and Ministers kowtow.
Brass hats keep Army brains intact
While single eggheads are classed as cracked.

Intellectuals breathe defiance
  But brass hats rule those who rule the States,
General Staffs guide the Grand Alliance,
Govern industry, harness science,
  Order strategic loves and hates;
Everywhere brass hats call the tune—
Eggheads cannot unite too soon.

Over the earth brass hats are straddled,
  Danger signals are flown aloft,
The world with a monstrous burden saddled,
While questioning eggheads are classed as addled—
  The brass hat's hard, and the egghead soft;
But when brass hats would the world embroil,
All eggheads together must come to the boil.

Brass hats are mentally retarded,
  But egghead brain-power once combined
Cannot be wholly disregarded,
Nor can their counsel be discarded,
  However strange to the Army mind.
Though the General Staff may be autocrats,
The hardboiled eggheads can beat brass hats.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

"We are most concerned," he said, "about reports that a team of lady marbles players plans to invade our championships next Good Friday. We don't want any scenes, so we are warning these ladies that they will not be allowed near the concrete ring at Tinsley Green.

"Marbles is a man's game. Any women's team will be warned off every accredited marbles rink in Sussex."—*News Chronicle*. (Miss Chadwick.)

One of this year's "debs" spent a year in an approved school. Of course, that is all old history now, but it sets a problem for mothers of other debs. Should she or should she not be included in the invitations? That is the question that is bothering those society mothers who want to "do the right thing."—*Sunday Dispatch*. (M. Maclean.)

Why do so many shops in Leicester leave dummies unclothed in their windows? I understood it was a rule that a dummy must be covered when not dressed. One day last week in a shop window in Market Street I saw seven or eight dummies left without a cover. . . .—Letter in *Leicester Mercury*. (Miss E. C. Willson.)

The Take from the Sea

IT is just four years since the war-time system of price-controls was lifted from the fishing industry. Observing at the time that this restoration of freedom left the white-fish trawlers with "basic and complex" difficulties to overcome, Mr. Attlee, then Prime Minister, announced that, for a transitional period of six months, in-shore fishermen and the smaller trawlers operating in Near and Middle Waters would be granted a subsidy, and that an Authority would be set up to organise and regulate the catching and sale of white (demersal) fish. To set up an Authority is one thing; to expect it quickly to re-organise a traditionally individualistic industry is another. Little or nothing has, in fact, been done to reshape the pattern of the trade; the 1950 subsidy still quietly operates and is to continue, at least until 1958, at a cost of about £2 million a year; and though the public goes on patiently paying some £80 million annually for the (frequently jaded) British-caught fish it eats, this ultimate consumers' expenditure does not suffice to provide reasonable prosperity to the main producers—the thousand British deep-sea trawlers.

The broad picture of the industry's "take" is presented in the table printed at the foot of the next page. In 1950, a brief speculative price-boom was followed by a slump and a considerable laying-up of vessels which reduced the year's catch. Next year saw a modest revival—reflecting largely shortage of meat and egg supplies. Since then, the volume of landings has been relatively stable; but, with alternative foodstuffs offering the consumer ample choice, fish prices at port-auction have tended to sag. Taking 1935 as 100, last year's price indices are: cod, 322; haddock, 236; hake 285; plaice, 198; over-all average 245.

From the producer's standpoint, the worst trouble is that operating costs, already high in 1950, have continued to mount, as the following figures demonstrate.

Cost of Fuel and Gear

	1938			1950			1954		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Coal (Grimsby) ton	1	1	8	3	1	8	4	1	8
Bunker oil, ton ..	2	12	6	6	10	0	7	7	6
North Sea Trawl..	14	15	0	75	0	0	77	7	9
Iceland Trawl ..	22	0	0	90	0	0	98	10	3
Manila Rope (under 2in.) per cwt.	2	5	6	11	9	3	9	16	6

Apart from the cost of fuel and gear, basic wages of trawler hands have risen by 1s. 6d. a day—the "deckies" now drawing 17s. 3d. per day at sea, in addition to "poundage" of 12s. per £100 gross of the catch. Allowing for depreciation—and the initial cost of a new 180ft. trawler is now £200,000—the average expenditure involved in a 22-day Distant Water trip can be put today at slightly over £6,000. This means that the average "production cost" of Distant Water takings—mainly cod, with a small proportion of haddock—is of the order of 46s. per cwt. Against this, the average realised price of the fish landed from these waters in 1953 was under 43s. per cwt. These figures indicate that many of the long-distance trips—a section of the industry which enjoys no subsidy—must be failing to earn depreciation on the vessel. Yet cod prices, on landing, are high in relation to the white-fish average, and the Distant Water fleet is, in the main, modern and efficient.

More precarious still is the situation of the Near Water fleet, the bulk of which was built before 1920. Here "production costs" are harder to estimate, owing to the great disparity of trawlers' book-values and the much wider variations in size of catches. In the case of the North Sea, after local and obviously incomplete inquiry, I am inclined to put the average cost per cwt. landed at a minimum of 85s. Average value per cwt. realised in the Lowestoft market—mainly prime table fish—was, in 1952-53, about 78s. But for subsidies whose effect, I estimate, is to add at least 9s. per cwt. to average proceeds, the Near Water trawlers would be in serious trouble. Even as it is, with the building cost of a new 100ft. diesel-engined trawler around £60,000, unassisted private enterprise would fail to cope with the crying need to modernise, by replacement, a gravely obsolescent fleet. A solution, therefore, is being sought on the lines of outright grants and low-interest loans for building. A trawler firm which contracts to build a 70-140ft. vessel is given a grant of 25 per cent. of the cost (up to a maximum of £25,000), plus a 4 per cent. loan (repayable over 15 years) of as much as 60 per cent. of the builder's total price. This offer has its appeal; and the White Fish Authority has already approved about 25 applications in respect of new vessels of this type—apart from financing (on still more generous lines) new boats of smaller size for in-shore work.

Such is the picture at the "producing" end of the trade—not very satisfactory from any point of view. Without a State subsidy, the bulk of the Near and Middle Water fleet would be laid up—creating a scarcity of prime fish which would drive prices to a level calculated to curtail consumption disastrously. In the Distant Water trade, operating companies are larger and can live for a time, no doubt, on the "fat" accumulated in 1945-48; but even in this section of the industry present conditions point to the need either for subsidy or for the attainment of higher cod prices by concerted withdrawal of tonnage—even if the ban on Icelandic landings continues. Other considerations apart, our commitment to GATT precludes an embargo on the 10 per cent. of total fish supplies derived from foreign catching. Thus the problem, constant ever since decontrol, can be seen to rest on the answers to three key questions: (1) Can the cost of trawling be reduced? (2) Can the public be induced to spend more on fish? (3) Can more of the sum represented by distribution costs be diverted to the "producers," given relative stability in final consumers' expenditure?

The answer to (1) is almost certainly "No." Though actual running costs of a new diesel-engined vessel are lower than those of an old steam-trawler, there is not a great difference in comparative voyage accounts when the factor of depreciation is included; and there is no indication of a fall in the cost of crews, fuel or gear. As for (2), the White Fish Authority has spent money (rather ineffectively, I think) on an "Eat More Fish" publicity campaign, and it is conducting an experiment to see whether the quality of Distant Water fish can be improved—up to the point when it is landed—by deep-freezing on board the trawler. The real nub of the problem centres in distribution—a field in which about 3,300 wholesalers (2,300 at the ports, 1,000 inland) and something like 12,000 retailers aim to make a living.

In this field the White Fish Authority has walked with extreme circumspection. Its primary intention evidently is to make a thorough assessment of margins and profits. From sample investigations it has produced evidence that the gross margin of the coastal wholesaler is about 20 per cent.—a figure which merely corroborates the findings of the pre-war Duncan Commission and of Mr. J. B. Jefferys' book, *The Distribution of Consumer Goods*, based on a 1938 survey. In inland wholesaling, the W.F.A.'s sample suggests that both the Duncan Report and Jefferys may have put the margin too high at 14-16 per cent.; but, pending wider investigation (for which the W.F.A. is seeking compulsory powers to ask for accounts), the precise figures of on-cost and net profit are debatable. Nothing, however, seems likely to be discovered by the W.F.A. to modify the generally accepted view that the price of fish, allowing for wastage, roughly doubles between quay-side and fishmonger's slab. That is, out of the £80 million a year spent by the public on British-caught fish, something like £40 million is absorbed by distribution.

Can this mechanism be simplified and cheapened, while preserving enough of the element of competition to protect the fisherman at one end and the consumer at the other? It has been argued that the coastal wholesaler, with his heavy trunk telephone costs in soliciting orders, is an expensive link in the chain; and that it would be more economical if the first-hand sale of fish were deferred until it reached distributing stations dispersed widely about the country so as to serve retailers within a conveniently small area. The difficulty is that such a scheme would involve a Producers' Marketing Association at each port—anathema to a trade of individualists—and that, even if adequate refrigerator space were provided, the organisation of a sufficiently wide range of varieties of fish at each distributing station would be an awkward problem. An alternative would be the gradual elimination of inland wholesale markets—leaving the retailer to buy all his fish (as he does at present to the extent of half) direct from the coast. To this the objection would be raised by some fishmongers that they like picking their fish "at sight," and that they cannot always trust the port wholesaler. There is something in this argument; but if coastal wholesalers were licensed, and licences issued only to substantial firms of proven reliability, there might be no strong case for the intervention of the inland wholesaler in the business.

White Fish of British Taking

Type of Fish	Quantity Landed in Great Britain (Mn. Cwts.)						Average Value per Cwt.					
	1935	1949	1950	1951	1952	1953	1935	1949	1950	1951	1952	1953
							s d	s. d.	s d.	s d.	s d.	s d.
Cod (a) ..	6.1	7.6	6.4	7.4	7.6	7.1	13 1	36 6	35 0	44 3	42 3	42 2
Haddock	2.2	2.6	2.5	2.4	2.2	2.3	22 11	46 10	49 6	60 6	57 4	54 2
Hake ..	0.5	0.6	0.5	0.5	0.45	0.4	48 3	92 7	114 6	141 6	138 10	137 7
Plaice ..	0.6	0.7	0.6	0.6	0.6	0.6	49 2	108 3	108 9	124 2	110 6	97 4
Total, all Sorts ..	13.8	15.7	13.9	15.3	15.7	15.2	19 10	44 4	45 4	53 0	50 3	48 8

(a) As the bulk of post-war cod landings are of "headed" fish, the pre-war figure, for comparative purposes, should be corrected to, say, 5.5 Mn. cwts.

Be that as it may, it must be recognised that the fish trade has evolved customs and methods and vested interests which have set hard in the mould. Short of exercising totalitarian powers (and these, it is safe to say, will not be accorded) the Authority can operate only by precept and suasion. That being so, while exploring every possibility of landing and transporting fish in better condition, it should, in my opinion, do more to galvanise the fishmonger. By any standard, far too many fish shops in this country are unhygienic and unappetising; and the retailer far too seldom takes trouble either to avail himself of market opportunities or to prevent his stock from deteriorating. He has, it is true, no dynamic stimulus from his customers, who know little and care less about the fortunes of the fishermen or the taste of really fresh fish. It might do something to sharpen the spur of selective buying, and also to reduce the quantity of fish consigned on days of heavy landings to meal-factories and canners of cat-food, if the W.F.A. could broadcast daily a brief Fish Intelligence Summary indicating tomorrow's best supplies and shortages. *Vigilet emptor*—that, rather than the bald "Eat More Fish," might well be a slogan for the Authority to publicise. But it will also, I think, have to consider the enforcement, through a strict licensing system, of much higher standards in fish retailing. The Beaverbrook press, I daresay, would rush to the defence of fishmongers' freedom and protest against "nosey interference." The answer should be that no section of a trade has the right to deal in slovenly fashion with a perishable commodity which is essential to the nation's diet, and whose provision is not merely subsidised by the taxpayer but involves hard and often perilous labour at the "producing" end

AYLMER VALLANCE

Japan Revisited—II

WHILE all the parties are confused and irresolute about foreign policy, the trend in domestic affairs is unmistakable. The Government is very busy "correcting the excesses of the Occupation." Japan is returning to the past.

The leaders of the past have returned to key positions. Eight members of the present Cabinet are men who were once purged. When Mr. Yoshida's Liberals and Mr. Hatoyama's Liberals patched up their quarrel three months ago, they set up two committees to plot the Government's course. Mr. Nobusata Kishi was named chairman of the Constitutional Review Committee. During the war, Mr. Kishi was Minister for Commerce under General Tojo and later spent some time in Sugamo Prison as a war criminal. It is not hard to detect the general direction in which he wants to revise the constitution. Mr. Suichi Tsushima is the chairman of the new Foreign Affairs Research Committee. He served in two war-time Cabinets, and in the 1930's was a leader of Japanese enterprise in China, at one time being president of the North China Development Company.

Japanese conservatives tell me that this return of former leaders does not mean a return to former policies. These men, it is claimed, formed the civilian group in pre-war politics, which always tried, though unsuccessfully, to restrain the militarists. The generals and admirals who made the war have gone. In any case, these old civilian leaders are able to learn from experience, and after all the pain and loss of these last years would never again dream of challenging the Western world.

I think it is true that Japan has neither the will nor the power to revive an aggressive militarism in the near future. But the foreign policy of the more distant future is likely to reflect the domestic changes that take place in the meantime. Two important Bills now before the Diet reveal the pattern of domestic change.

The Government is resolved to impose new restrictions on the political activities of school teachers. Before the war, any teacher who encouraged a liberal or critical approach to public questions was instantly dismissed and probably imprisoned. Then, during the Occupation, a band of American experts, glowing with idealism, set out to transform the educational system, and the Fundamental Law of Education in 1947 established the "neutrality" of teachers. They were not to indoctrinate their students on behalf of the Government or of any political party; it was their duty to make a neutral or objective approach to all political and social questions. But that was seven years ago. Today the Government feels that these educational reforms were one of the worst excesses of the Occupation. The pending legislation will prevent any teacher in a public school from engaging in any political activity except voting. He will not be permitted to work in any party, even outside his school district.

The Government maintains that the Japan Teachers' Union, some 500,000 strong, has been infiltrated by Communists and fellow-travellers; that its members are using their prestige as scholars to promote seditious thoughts; that it is as important to defend democracy from the extreme Left as from the extreme Right. The opponents of these Bills claim that the Government is trying to crush any critical consideration of its policies and to deprive teachers of their basic rights as citizens. The view is widely expressed that the Government's eagerness to push through these Bills before the next elections is mainly due to the success of the sixteen Opposition candidates backed by the Teachers' Union at the last elections.

I think it is probable that some Japanese teachers today embrace Communism with the same fanaticism with which they previously embraced nationalism and militarism. The defeat and the Occupation have not increased their critical capacities but merely swung them from one blind loyalty to another. Yet I cannot accept the Government's protestations that the danger is great enough to demand the measures it insists on. I have talked with a number of scholars about these teachers' Bills, men whose record shows them to be courageous opponents of authoritarianism, whether from the Right or the Left. Those I have met are without exception appalled at the Government's policy. The feeling among many scholars here is that the appointment of Mr. Shigeo Odachi as Minister for Education means a quick twilight and a long night for freedom of thought. Mr. Odachi held office in the Abe Cabinet in 1939 and the Koiso Cabinet of 1944. He was mayor of Singapore in 1942. He is used to authority. Yet it is proper to add that, so far as I can discover, the conservative Governments have until now shown great restraint in using the very considerable legal power they already possess to suppress independent thought. This record of past restraint makes many people wonder why the present Government should seek more extensive powers. Some people cynically suggest that so far the intellectuals have not had enough influence to be any danger.

The Government is sponsoring another Bill to re-establish a single, centralised control of the police. Before the war the police inspired fear and awe in every city and village of Japan. During the Occupation, American reformers felt that if democracy was to take root here, the police must come to be regarded as the friends and servants, not the jailers, of the people. The first step was to make them more directly responsible to the local communities they served. Under the Police Reform Law of 1947 all cities and towns were given their own police force, controlled by the elected local authorities. The countryside was to be looked after by the National Rural Police, a separate body. The Government now claims that this is a hopelessly inefficient arrangement and has decided to unify all existing forces under the direct control of the Prime Minister. The opposition claims that this is a return to past arrangements which most citizens still dread.

Meanwhile the "shipping scandals" are rocking Government and business circles. A number of leading business men, together with a group of politicians close to the Government, have been arrested in the last few weeks. There are new "disclosures" and a new crop of arrests each day. At this, the critics of the Government are full of glee, declaring that the scandals show the Government is rotten with corruption. Mr. Yoshida, whose personal integrity has never been questioned, blandly explains that Japan is not the only country in which business men sometimes take Cabinet Ministers to dinner or in which business firms make contributions to political parties. It is hardly possible to assess the weight of all the charges and countercharges, but there is no doubt that the general public, both on the Right and the Left, believes there has been political bribery on an unprecedented scale and is shocked and disgusted. The real importance of the public reaction is not the effect it may have on the fate of the present Government, or even on Mr. Yoshida's own political future, but the fact that it has produced a revulsion against the whole idea of parliamentary government and a yearning for the strong, honest patriot who will send corrupt politicians packing. This swing away from democracy to authoritarianism will, in Japan's present political mood, almost certainly mean a strong swing to the Right.

Tokyo. W. MacMahon Ball

Playing the Game

I went to stay with some friends at a village in Wiltshire called Cowbright Minor. It is a long thin village, with groups of huddled houses standing like cattle lost on the way to market. It begins nowhere in particular and ends at a duck pond and a grey angry church muttering at the heathen hills. It has one pub called the One-Armed Adventurer. The saloon is a medium-sized room with a piano, skittle table, shove-halfpenny board and dart board. Besides drink, you can buy tobacco, cigarettes, aspirin, tomatoes and hairpins. Mr. Badgers, publican, has the face of an Ancient Egyptian. He suffers from hay-fever, and only drinks a sort of purple lung-tonic out of a sherry-glass. A quarter of an hour after closing time, Mr. Badgers always looks at the clock and says "Time, gentlemen, please." Inaudibly. The clock rarely goes.

At the other end of the village is Cowbright Major, with its own public house, the Stag. Although the Stag and the One-Armed Adventurer play each other at darts, they are different worlds. The Stag is "gentry," mostly brand-new and talking too much about money. The One-Armed Adventurer is the "people," darkly traditional and tough as brambles. The Squire drops in for a pint. Any foreigners to be found there are staying with my hosts at Widgeon Mill, visitors from the neurotic brick village of Soho, quick to subside in the mist of shag and bury their faces in pints of cider. The pub beckons to the wayfarer with warmth, music and out-of-tune harmony.

But I soon found there was little harmony. The village was united only in its hatred of Cowbright Major, which it had hated steadily, for some reason, since 1253. The clients of the One-Armed Adventurer were split into complicated groups with networks of conspiracy and feud. George, the Widgeon Mill gardener, hated William, the hedger. George's father had hated William's father. Stanley, the shepherd, turned his back on Phil, the odd-job man. Stanley's grandfather had turned his on Phil's grandfather. Only the Squire, Mr. Badgers and the Londoners could talk to everybody.

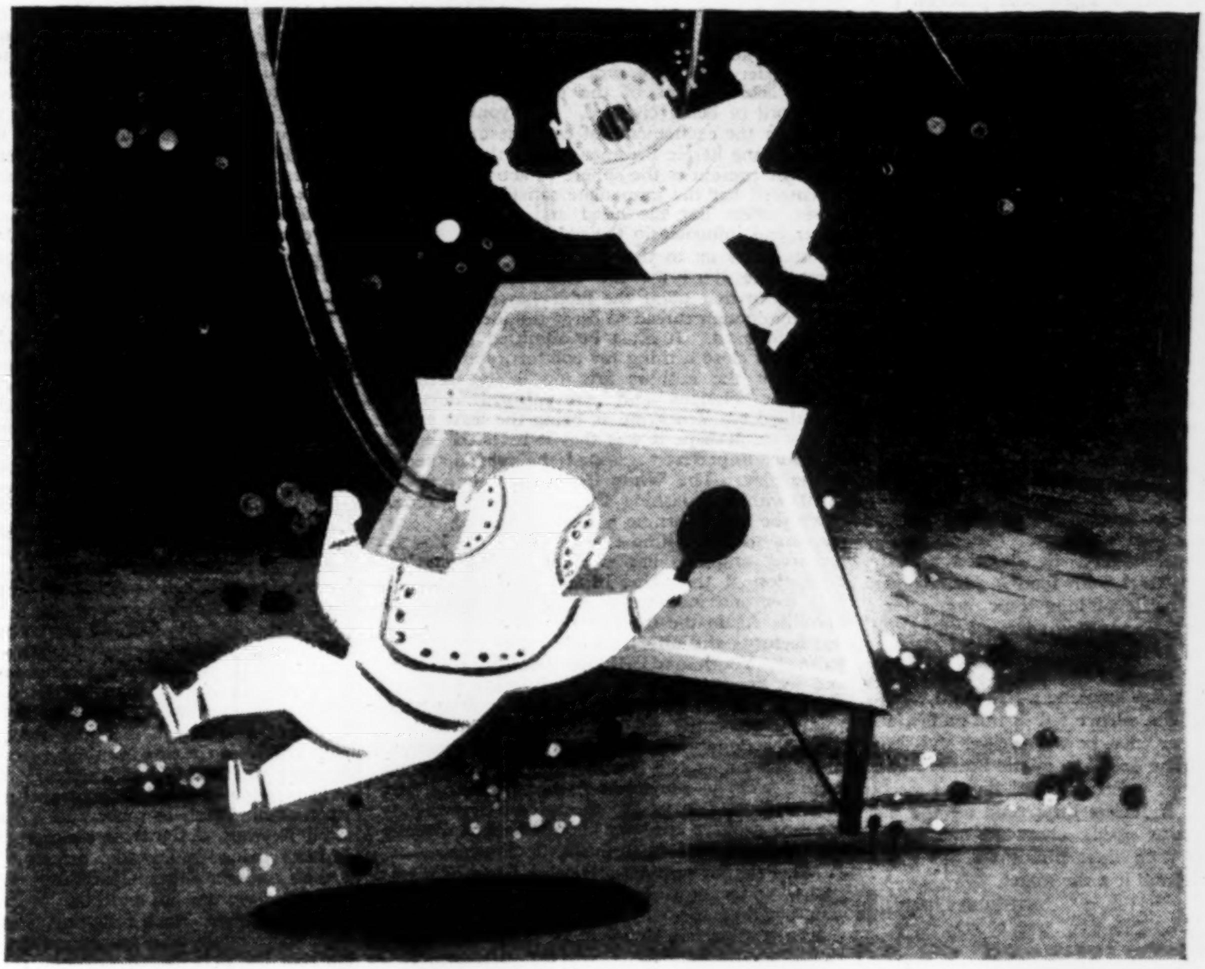
Once I was helping George at Widgeon Mill. He was turfing over a burial ground of beet, as neat as a chapel. "Let's go and snare a renyer," he said. "A what?" I asked. "A renyer. A fox. I've found his run in the hedge. I've got some wire for thic. It's more decent than the way that William shoots them. He's no good is William." Both George and William were always on hand for every meet of the West Wiltshire, and offered voluble advice to the huntsmen. "Can't think where they foxes got to," they would say at the end of an unsuccessful hunt.

William was a sprig. He travelled to his hedges by motor bicycle. One night, after a tea-and-cake hop at the school house, I heard a whistle and found him behind a hedge. He had a companion with him, and they shared a gun, a torch and a sack. The gun was equipped with a silencer. "Come for a stroll," said William, "'tis a fine night." We set off and covered about four miles across ploughed fields, kale and pasture. Then we came to the corner of a wood. "We'll have a rest here," said William. "Never start anything before three o'clock. Folks are decently in bed then." So we lay down on the grass and had a few smokes. All around us lights were flickering. "Rabbit poachers," said George. "Netters. Or ferrets or dogs. It's real scandalous."

We set off for the wood. Presently William's mate shone his torch up into a tree, and there were three fat pheasants glowing like coals. "We'll fill the sack easy," whispered William. "There's nothing to worry about the farmer who owns the wood. I've been filling him up with whisky all night. He even lent me this gun. Mind you, he's a poacher himself. He let the shooting rights a month ago." William fired the gun and missed, fired and missed again. "The bastard beggared up the sights of his gun before he lent it to me," he said. "A man couldn't hit a horse with it."

After some more futile shooting, we left the wood and returned towards Cowbright Minor. The night was hollow with owls and cocks were fretting up the dawn. "Does everybody poach here?" I asked George. "Everybody," he said. "We all live above our means, in a manner of speaking. Always been the same, folk say." We climbed over a fence and crunched on to the road. A figure approached us, and William slipped the gun under a bramble bush. It was Mr. Stales, the policeman. "Hullo," he said. "Out late, aren't you?" "Early," said William. "We're just starting." Mr. Stale stood there, undecided. He was new, and could only sense the long dark lanes of misrule which didn't begin and didn't end. "Well, goodnight," he said, sludging away. William felt for the gun.

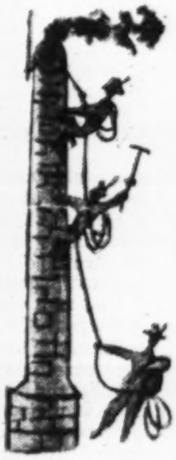
"Everybody in Cowbright Minor acts as though nobody knew his business," said my host next day over stacked plates of pheasant pie. (The larder was bulging with game.) "They



The Schweppshire Way of Life

2. *SWEATED LEISURE*

"It is in the do of doing that the use of useless lies..." And for those who choose the descending moving staircase as their path in the race up the ladder of life, this dictum of our Exischweppsialist Philosophy will be self-evident. Cora Punt, at the age of eight, was able to recite page 72 of Bradshaw's Railway Guide backwards, and engrave the first twelve stanzas of *Don Juan* on a single piece of bread and butter. See, here, the difficult yet pointless Plinge-pionge, or Underwater Ping-pong. Though they lost their singles against the Latvians, our boys nearly won a game in the doubles and show real promise at this testing sport.



INSET. "Technically an interesting climb", said Major Colwyn-Bates, first up the difficult smoke-stack of this famous north country boiler factory. Air Marshal Plank, who organized the climb, told how the brickwork, though the smoke-stack was rotted with the fumes of typical smoke, offered scant foothold. "But the Schwerpas were splendid", he added, and all agreed that up to Ventilator 4, nobody could possibly have done without them.

Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Lewitt-Him.

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH hate tale-bearers and are shocked by people who openly admit they know that others know about them. If a farmer had a drink in the One-Armed Adventurer and said he knew who poached his game, no one would speak to him. Or take the squire. Everybody has known for the last year that when he leaves the Manor for a week in London and waves good-bye to his wife, he doesn't actually go to London at all. He drives off to a cottage, ten miles away, where he has installed the postmistress's daughter, Ruby. All in order, as long as he behaves as though he thinks nobody knows. And the Squire has deer in his woods. For a week the village is bristling with venison, and all's above board. But one day he walked into the pub with Ruby on his arm and ordered drinks all round. They were outraged. They even stopped raiding the deer for a time."

A few days later we all went over to the Stag at Cowbright Major for the Cowbright dart match. There was George, William, Stanley, Phil and the rest of our team and the Soho set from Widgeon Mill. We dribbled sluggishly into the public bar and the publican greeted us like an advertisement for Inns. He wore heavy tweeds and smoked a pipe. He smelt strongly of Oxford Street, gins and lime, the car trade. "Who's going to win?" he shouted heartily. But the air was thick with feuds. Mr. Badgers brought out a bottle of lung tonic, asked for a glass and ostentatiously poured out a thumbful. "Here's luck," he said to the rival publican.

Through the hatchway I could see a man in the saloon bar. He was smoking a cigar and waving a glass. A sudden silence fell in the public, and we could all hear what he was saying. "Should be good sport, the deer. . . . The Squire's gone off to London for a fortnight and he's let me his woods. . . " It took a little time for the dart match to get going again. Our team didn't seem to be able to keep their minds on this game. They shot wild and lost the match.

ANTHONY CARSON

The Arts and Entertainment

EXPERIMENTS

IF you believed what you had read in the papers you might have supposed that *The White Countess*, the new play by Jacquetta Hawkes and J. B. Priestley which was withdrawn last week, was a trivial silly affair. This is very far from being the truth. It is certainly true that the play must be judged a failure; but it was an honourable failure worth many of our trivial successes, and might have seemed altogether less wrong if differently presented and acted. Miss Hawkes and Mr. Priestley are evidently bent on discovering a new form for the play of ideas. Their first attempt, it may be remembered, was the argumentative quartette of *Dragon's Mouth* who, under the shadow of the danger from a contagious plague, turn by turn presented their four different attitudes to life.

The contrasting of different attitudes to life was again the central point of interest in *The White Countess*, though a more elaborate dramatic framework had been devised to hold it this time. The play was set in 1809 and the period has been chosen and used to some purpose. Outside the walls of the Austrian castle of Erdenstein the guns of Napoleon's army could be heard firing. The Count von Erdenstein is old enough to belong in spirit to the *Ancien Régime*, while a certain Count von Mellingen, who takes refuge in the castle from the French armies, is young enough to be infected with the romantic principles of the French Revolution. The second arrival at the castle, a General of the French Grand Army, is, in middle age, the active agent of the prevailing, the Napoleonic idea. If these claim themselves rather obviously as the Past, the Future and the Present, they define themselves more subtly as the play proceeds in relation to the Countess. The old Count offers her in effect the pleasures and satisfaction of the connoisseur—tranquilety, certainty, order and the enjoyment of the achievements of the past, the pleasure in a word of being civilised. The young count offers her the excitements of enthusiasm and the thrills of the heroic dreamer; while the General—for the present is the sphere of action—having vouchsafed her the immediate satisfaction of the senses, offers her his hand and a position of power and influence in the world as it is.

This takes us to the end of the second act, leaving the third for the Countess's decision. And up to that point the fable has proved just a strong enough thread to carry the ideas dramatically forward. It must be admitted that it is rather too close a thing for comfort, and that in their plot the authors are too easily satisfied with the obvious and conventional devices. The third act struck me as being the least satisfactory or perhaps it was that it revealed that I had only imperfectly grasped the central theme of the play. The White Countess, after a night spent with the dashing French General, comes down the next morning a changed woman. She has for the first time experienced "the body's rapture," and this has given her an intensified realisation of the value of her own personality as a free and inalienable property belonging to herself. Again the form of this discovery is not satisfactory; the offers already made or implied by Age, Youth and Middle Age are repeated, and we know already that she is going to reject them in favour of a composer who has from time to time presented yet a fourth attitude to life. The others offer only different forms of possession: he alone offers the freedom of equality. Such would seem to the terms of her reasoning, but it is a fault, and in the theatre an overwhelming one that we are hazy about this and that the climactic choice fails to make its climax.

Mr. Priestley and Miss Hawkes have, in short, still to find a form which will not only accommodate but dramatise the ideas they wish to convey. But what they are doing is, of course, as worth doing as it is difficult. On this occasion, too, something seemed to have gone very wrong with the casting; and the producer whom we know to have had difficulties did not succeed in finding a style which could be common to them all. The result was good actors finding themselves in parts which were impossible to them. M. Maurice Teynac succeeded best with the French General. Miss Viveca Lindfors labours under the handicap of the least attractive and manageable of foreign intonations. But her solo in defence of her own innocence was touchingly delivered, and the frequent references to her strange and extraordinary beauty in the text were abundantly justified. Miss Fanny Taylor provided an admirable decor.

So to a very different kind of experiment at the little Portcullis Theatre in Monk Street, off Horseferry Road. There the Cockpit Theatre Club under Miss Ann Jellicoe has been experimenting with theatre in the round. "*Rosmersholm* in the Round" seemed something not to be missed; and on Sunday night I sat with some fifty others on the very fringes of the pool of light which was the sitting room of Rosmer's house. This is actually theatre in the semi-round. We sit on three sides and so close that the passionate debate seems to be taking place in the very midst of us. The experiment is remarkably successful and I find myself a little surprised to admit this. Naturalism is not the medium for which the advantages of this kind of theatre are usually claimed. But it would not surprise me to find that in certain conditions it is the best suited to it. Those conditions would include fine sensitive acting, a flawless play and a very small theatre. All these were present at the Portcullis Theatre, Miss Jellicoe herself being a most sincere and real Rebecca. There is a certain amount of "masking" (where another actor comes between the spectator and the actor he wants to be watching at that moment); this might be alleviated if the seats could be more steeply raked. Incurable, and a serious drawback is the fact that a third of the action takes place with its back to you. In the tiny Cockpit Theatre this is a minor flaw, but in a large auditorium it would weigh heavily. Indeed the question of the advantages of this form of theatre on a large scale remains for me in doubt. But as compared with the average small club theatre with a miniature proscenium and a corridor of an auditorium, it seems to me to have every advantage. Two more performances will be given on Sunday at 3 and 7.30. Membership of the Cockpit is only 2s. 6d. and can be arranged by Miss Jellicoe at Victoria 5394.

T. C. WORSLEY

FESTIVAL HALL ORGAN

THE new Festival Hall organ looks magnificent. Sixty feet across, it strides the orchestral platform, with rows of gleaming pipes exposed to view. Clever lighting turns the Pedal mixtures and the Great reeds, which are front-centre, into deep-perspective colonnades. The eye penetrates to the back where shadowy swell boxes evoke some Bayreuth forest scene. The architect, J. L. Martin, has linked the organ to the hall of which he is co-designer by an effective central motif of dummy pipes. This handsome appearance, like that of the hall itself, has been dictated primarily by acoustic requirements. The pipes speak to us directly, without obstruction, as do instruments from the orchestral platform.

Musically it is very much a one-man affair. Cathedral organists seated at this console may well feel ill at ease to find on the Great only one stop labelled "Diapason." Those nobly resonant pipes which for the last hundred years have been the glory of English organ-builders (and which tend to consolidate Bach's counterpoint into thick, impenetrable blasts of tone) find no favour with Ralph Downes, designer of the new instrument. He has returned to an older principle, never lost on the Continent: that of building up organ tone not in massive unisons and plain octaves, but by a chorus of pipes, each individually rather mild, which touch on the principal harmonics of and thus reinforce the note which finger or toe is depressing. Mixtures and mutations they are called. They produce a bright, clear, lively, silvery texture, which does not assail the ear even when full organ is used. But it is a sound which those who can listen unflinching to, say, the Abbey organ in full cry may dislike, thinking it shrill. Each note is surrounded by a radiant little cloud—yet the result, in contrapuntal music, is to define the texture. The other main innovation is the use of reed stops, Trumpets, Clarions and Bombardes, which are incisive and relatively light rather than thick and violent. Many of them are of French design.

The instrument comprises six separate organs: the usual Great, Swell, Choir, Solo and Pedal, and also a Positive, playable from either Great or Choir manuals. Each organ has a distinct character, preserved in the perfect acoustic of the hall; delicate antiphonal effects are made possible, and the three voices in the Bach E flat Trio Sonata, played by Susi Jeans last Saturday, remained beautifully distinct.

At the inaugural concert last week the impression was entirely satisfactory: the organ gave clear continuo support for a Bach Sinfonia, as well as rendering its solo part brilliantly; it made a stirring sound to add to the orchestra in Elgar's *Cockaigne* and Bliss's *Processional*; and in Concertos by Handel and Poulenc it displayed, respectively, delectable feather-light timbres, and a punch worthy of a Wurlitzer (but far more agreeable to the ear). Saturday's recital provoked a slight doubt. Mr. Downes was not the best advocate for his creation in Vaughan Williams's *Hyfrydol* Prelude, filled with parallel chords moving in close formation. The analytic ear was suddenly distressed by these

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Try the two-tankful test.

chords repeated at the octave, the fifth, the tenth, high above, in a horrid jangle. The Reubke Sonata, as played by George Thalben-Ball, revealed a certain lack of "middle" to the chords which fill its final pages. But this may be a question of getting used to the instrument: on paper it looks as if it should be possible to draw from it, as well as the more astringent tones called for in Bach, the plushy, cushioned sounds needed in romantic music: the sonatas of Mendelssohn or Rheinberger.

ANDREW PORTER

LANDSCAPES AND CLOSE-UPS

JOHN NASH, who has a retrospective exhibition at Leicester Galleries, paints like a countryman. One feels that he knows how to fence a field as well as paint it. His works, in their well-wrought design and faithful rendering, display a patience that is obviously the result of great familiarity and attachment to his subjects. An incidental proof of this is that his copses, gates, barns, footpaths, trees, appear so irrefutably, stubbornly, poignantly English. Yet their impact is slight. Except for a few watercolour *sketches*, they seem true but lifeless—like stuffed birds on dried twigs in a glass case. Is this a limitation of Nash's talent? It isn't a drying up of it because his later works are at least as lively as his earlier ones. Or is it because he senses that to make more than a sober memento of a scene (if one knew the particular hill, his picture of it would be a marvellous backdrop for all one's memories) is impossible in a culture that invests Nature with so little definite meaning?

And although Peter Lanyon's paintings at Gimpel's are very different, does he also face the same problem? I still believe that Lanyon is the most imaginative landscape painter we have. For all their abstraction, his pictures never seem merely decorative: behind them is an ache and striving for reality. Quite a good way of testing landscape paintings is to see how vividly they evoke the appropriate sounds of their scene. In Lanyon's pictures one can hear the thump of the sea, wind rush, bird calls, the hollowness of the derelict mine shafts, the just audible saturation noises of turf. Lanyon's familiarity with his country is different to Nash's. Nash cherishes the ordinariness of the familiar. Lanyon its mystery. Superimposing one view-point on another in each canvas, Lanyon searches for something which includes a sailor's knowledge of the coastline, a poacher's knowledge of the cover, a miner's knowledge of the seams, a surveyor's knowledge of the contours, a native's knowledge of the local ghosts, a painter's knowledge of the light—and yet also something that is contained by none of these. The question, however, remains. Does Lanyon search for the inexpressible in this way because he knows that any *direct* but equally imaginative attitude to Nature is impossible? In the large painting of St. Just there is a black crucifix shape in the middle. This represents a mine superstitiously abandoned because of an appalling disaster years ago. London or Venice Biennale gallery-goers will not know that: the people of St. Just who would, would not understand the picture. Is this impasse the result of our lack of any integrated attitude to Nature? Does this lack force Lanyon to discover his own symbolism which is then inevitably over-vague and incomprehensible? These questions are not rhetorical. They desperately demand answers.

Edward Middleditch is showing nine paintings and some drawings at the Beaux Arts Gallery. The paintings are, as it were, details—the clutched folds of the bed clothes on a child's cot, a bit of a tree trunk, a section of water being sucked over a weir, light and rain on a pavement—but at the same time they are very large. Because of this dichotomy of scale, one's first inclination is to say that they are empty. But if they were in fact empty, they wouldn't impose themselves on one's memory as they do. They are as forceful—and as disturbing—as film close-ups. You can't of course use paint like a film. A close-up works because the drama mounts and subsides either side of it in time. In a static painting such drama at first overpowers and then goes hollow. Yet I admire Middleditch for painting these pictures. They show that he has the true painter's eye that takes nothing, however trivial, for granted; and that he is not prepared, as he might have been, to settle down to mere picture making. Soon he will discover subjects the drama of which can be more fully resolved—perhaps by re-introducing the human figure. Meanwhile his drawings show with what strength he will interpret these subjects when he finds them.

JOHN BERGER

THE MOVIES

"A Unicorn in the Garden," at the Cameo, Charing Cross Road

"Madame de . . . ," at the Cameo-Poly

"West of Zanzibar," at the Marble Arch Odeon

Some weeks ago, fleeing the worst the screen had to offer and forgetting that five minutes of Thurber were to follow, I had to refer to *A Unicorn in the Garden* as providing "probably the most congenial moment of the week." Now I have caught it, and it does. That dispute of the technicians which has stripped us of newsreels—so that, for example, we miss seeing the massacre at Aintree, which surely this year would have merited an X certificate—has set the news theatres hunting everywhere for material, with a stage spring-fashions show at one, the Royal Tour at another, and a programme of eight Upa cartoons at the Cameo. Among these was the Unicorn, one of that intrusive race which popped up first, I believe, with seals in bedrooms. This unicorn of Thurber's, with a fine burnished horn but the most innocent eyes and mouth, is found by a householder—such a little attentive householder as you may imagine—eating the flowers in the garden. He goes up to the darkened bedroom, opens the lattice, taps his wife on the shoulder—thereby provoking a most Thurberish scowl—and imparts the news. "The unicorn," retorts this lady, preparing to sleep again, "is a mythological animal." And away he trots, pulling down the lattice again, to take another look at his visitor in the dew. . . . I won't go on. The elucidation of this impasse, which is liable to arise in all married lives, takes extreme and wholly convincing turns, and the moral at the end is as sound as the whole tale is blithely disquieting. Do let us have more Thurber, the more Thurberish the better!

Max Ophüls's *Madame de . . .*, adapted from a novel by Louise de Vilmorin, with music by Oscar Strauss and a cast including Charles Boyer, Vittorio De Sica and Danielle Darrieux, has everything that an Ophüls piece should have except enchantment. Needless to say it's well—very well—made; Paris in the carriage days, riches, balls, diplomats, opera, generals, ladies famous for fainting; the decor pleases and the tunes catch; the camera makes stylish sweeps, looks in on some decisive scene through window after window, each closing in turn. Then what's wrong? I have suggested that enchantment is lacking; but at once to mind come two sequences as beguiling as any Ophüls has created—the pieces of torn letter fluttering from the train window and modulating into a snowfall, and the duel in the woods, beautifully seen, splendidly dramatic with its one shot off. Yet despite these and lesser triumphs—touches of irony and humour—the artificiality of the whole tale wearied me. Perhaps it was that ingenuity of plot—always coming back to a pair of ear-rings—stifled feeling, and that there was more stylish comment than emotional subtlety. Admirable as the acting was, one was aware of actors in a setting. A film to admire, and, of course, to see again—in case one's first mood happened to be unlucky.

West of Zanzibar continues the imperturbable adventures of that game warden who so inevitably survived *Where No Vultures Fly*. Vultures do fly this time, and crocs snap, and panthers lunge, and hippos charge at our hero—his wife sometimes takes a startled side-glance, too. The jungle responds to every cliché. It is a strange double character Mr. Harry Watt brings nowadays to making films, rather like that of the highbrow Jekyll in the Aldous Huxley story who concealed a Miss Hyde, burning the midnight oil over unspeakable feuilletons. The ivory running in old sail boats between Arabia and East Africa represents Mr. Watt's Jekyll, and a documentary on this subject would have pleased me more than the present hotch potch. I am aware that *West of Zanzibar* wasn't at all made to please me.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

LOOK AND LISTEN

So you want to be an M.P. Even after two terms your speech in the Union, you tell me, is still remembered. That, I am afraid, doesn't impress me; it merely leads me to wonder whether you really know the world you're living in. First things first. You have a wireless set of course? Good. But have you a television set? What, you haven't? Buy one at once, my boy, and if you can't afford to buy one, hire one, and look into it carefully, critically, lovingly night and day: if it's Birkenhead's "glittering prizes" you're after, you'll find it your sharpest sword. Why? How? My dear boy, what do they teach you in that expensive university of yours? Or don't they take *The Times* in your J.C.R.? Oh, they do: then you doubtless saw *The Times* analysis of recent by-elections the other day. People no longer go to political meetings; they're held only because the Press continues to report them. Or rather, people go to political meetings only if they've seen and heard the speaker on the telly. At the Harrogate by-election Mr. Gaitskell drew a bigger crowd for Labour than has ever been seen in Harrogate before. Because he is a former Chancellor of the Exchequer? How naive you are. Mr. Gaitskell is what is called a television star: along with a handful of eminent comics, actresses, titled ladies, fellow politicians and Mr. Gilbert Harding, he stands on the highest plateau of contemporary fame.

If you wish to succeed in politics it must be your aim to get there as well, thereby serving both yourself and your party. Entering politics now, you have a unique opportunity; but it won't be open to you indefinitely. The party managers realise that television is changing all the traditional ways of wooing the electorate, but they are still quite uncertain how to use the new medium to their best advantage. Compare the recent party television programmes, *Meet the Labour Party* and the Tory *Public Questions*.

The Labour Party dispensed with its stars, the televising M.P.s. Was it wise, or merely bold? In the present state of British TV programmes, I think it was wise. It committed its fortunes to a film. As a film, *Meet the Labour Party* was smooth and efficient. It focused attention not so much on policies or Labour's attitude to current events as on the membership of the Party. We saw a university student interviewing a number of Party members, who were to be taken as typical, to find out why they were members of the Party: a housewife, a farmer, a scientist, a bus conductor, a nursing sister and a miner. This was documentary: the actors were ordinary people acting themselves, and they at least created the illusion that they had written their own parts. The effect of the programme depended on how far the viewer could regard them as representative, representative of their class and occupation. So far as I was concerned, the programme succeeded admirably here: the nursing sister, for example, was surely the quintessential nursing sister of imagination, which is after all based on experience and observation. I notice that one of my colleagues has commented in sharp disapproval of her "excruciating Sloane Street vowels": for me, her voice added authenticity.

I don't for one moment think *Meet the Labour Party* would have been effective during the heat of a general election, but at the present moment, and in the present condition of television, it had one great merit: it did transmit a few glimpses of ordinary life and work in this country such as one rarely gets on the B.B.C. screen. In the context, that seems to me to amount to good propaganda towards the floating voter and the politically undecided.

By comparison, *Public Questions* played for safety, but did so in a way that beautifully revealed the impression of themselves the Tories want to impose on the viewing public. The first few minutes of film were very bad and a waste of time: the real thing was the picture of Mr. Eden at home answering questions put to him by a number of not-very-prominent back-bench M.P.s and candidates, questions on current problems—cost of living, housing, the hydrogen bomb and so on—that constituents had asked the M.P.s themselves. The public face of the Tories: that was what we saw. In Mr. Eden himself, with his easy charm, his moderation, his sweet reasonableness, the sense he conveys of being a man of good will who, when called upon, can always rise above party; and in the M.P.s and candidates too. They had been chosen on regional grounds; but not, I suspect, entirely so. They had been chosen, I fancy, partly for their very ordinariness: not a posh accent among the lot of them; plain homespun; as though the Tories were hell-bent on proving they were not the party of privilege.

What can you learn from all this? I gather you have not yet decided in whose interest you wish to become an M.P. It doesn't matter. My view is that the most telling party propaganda is not to be found in the formal party broadcasts but in the appearance of individual M.P.s on television whether taking part in political programmes or not. Appearance—the projection of a sympathetic personality—is everything. Remember you don't have to convince your supporters; your job is to disarm your opponents and win over the neutrals. Look trustworthy, and you are half-way there. Watch with what earnestness Mr. Hector McNeil furrows his brow; study the good-humoured smile of Mr. Callaghan. Create the illusion that nothing that is human is alien to you, not even the opposition: in other words, when debating with a peer of the other party, call him by his Christian name. Thus you transcend party. Watch, too, the non-politicians. How I wish you could have seen *Any Questions* from Taunton the other week: for the aspiring politician it was an education. Why, as compared with the thunderous applause that Lord Hailsham, Dr. Bronowski and Mr. Wightman received after their answers, did Mr. A. J. P. Taylor get practically none at all? Was it because, at the outset, he flatly refused to regard religion as a Good Thing? Was it because he did not go out of his way to make it obvious how glad he was to be there and did not bother to radiate *bonhomie*? Did he utterly fail to hide the fact that—dreadful thing—he is an intellectual? Study Mr. Taylor whenever he appears on television, and, if you wish to succeed in politics on television, always do the opposite to what you think he would do. You have votes to get: Mr. Taylor hasn't. Good luck.

WILLIAM SALTER

"First Edition," at the Watergate

This nine o'clock revue is not continuously witty, clever and entertaining. But several of the items are all of these things, and most of them are one or the other. The worst blot is a really silly satire on Soviet television. It was a good idea to rag Russia instead of America for a change, but since neither the audience nor the actors had the slightest idea what the faults of Muscovite TV are, the result is merely silly and boring. For the rest, the outstanding member of a good team is Beryl Reid, whose clowning is often uproariously funny, even though it seems to be mainly a conscious plagiarism of Hermoine Gingold. The most memorable moment is when Miss Reid discovers that she has changed her sex.

K. M.

Searchlight on Israel

By Hugh Trevor-Roper

Hugh Trevor-Roper, author of "The Last Days of Hitler," one of the most acute observers of the contemporary world scene, recently visited the State of Israel, and has written for *The Sunday Times* a series of articles about that unique land, now a focus of world news.

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Correspondence

"ANTI-AMERICANISM"

Sir,—Most libertarians must, I feel, take exception to Mr. Jacobs's comments concerning "the use of the Fifth Amendment by self-dubbed 'defenders' of civil liberties." Any person called before one of our subversive-hunting committees must elect either (*a*) to decline to answer personal questions dealing with philosophical and political convictions, etc., or (*b*) to go all the way in answering detailed questions which will be put to him inevitably, regarding names and the presumed heretical conduct of his friends, relatives and associates during any period of his life. Names which are brought out in any context remotely suggestive of Leftism are then promptly broadcast or leaked to the press, with considerable damage to the possessors of those names. This is, whether one approves or disapproves, a fact of life in present-day America. In this context people who invoke the Fifth Amendment are not reaching for glory, as Mr. Jacobs so ungenerously implies. Rather they are electing to suffer certain social, economic and political damage rather than become informers. In the great majority of cases so far, those who have invoked the Fifth Amendment have, for example, promptly lost their jobs, and under the circumstances have hardly found it easy to obtain re-employment elsewhere. Mr. Jacobs might well question the strategy of invoking the Fifth Amendment, but his contempt and obloquy towards those who have invoked it seem peculiarly ill-fitting for a libertarian of any hue.

Finally, you have been criticised by Mr. Jacobs for giving the impression that America is intimidated by Joseph McCarthy. Well, this year the United States Senate, which currently has 48 much-scourged Democrats as well as a number of enlightened and able Republicans who are definitely not of the neo-Fascist stripe, mustered precisely one voice and one vote (that of Senator Fulbright) against the sizable appropriation for McCarthy's investigating committee. This is in the face of McCarthy's complete failure to have produced any real new evidence of subversion, or indeed to have produced anything except defamation, degradation and headlines.

The liberal Left in America is in sorry shape to-day, bewildered and frightened. There is a small handful of courageous individuals, who have little access to the mass media of communications; there are a very few courageous publications keeping alive the spirit and traditions of progressivism; and there is the rank-and-file, scattered and for the most part cowed into silence and inaction. We need your help and moral support. I hope that no British Socialist has allowed himself to become antagonised by the intemperate criticisms of Mr. Jacobs.

In the event that you should wish to publish any portions of this letter, I hope you will excuse me for asking that you delete my name and town. As a scientist employed in a small Mid-western community, it is expedient for me to conceal any decent social instincts that I may feel.

American Socialist

Sir,—Professor Emerson's impeachment of American liberals is too soft. In post-war America the liberal leadership has divided itself into two groups: those who have stuck by fundamental principles; and the Communist-obsessed, the careerists and the by far largest element consisting of people of good will whose devotion to freedom has been undercut by their overriding concern to avoid the Communist taint. There is no assurance that, if the second group had fought in defence of these fundamental principles, the encroachments on free expression would have been avoided; but it is certain that their failure to do so has greatly increased their intensity. The Communist-obsessed, either because of their previous treatment at the hands of the Communists or for other reasons, have become blind to all dangers to internal America except from Communism; they greatly exaggerate the puny role of the Communists in America and help to create the climate which more cynical men have exploited with so much success.

Like Mr. Jacobs, I think that the foreign view that freedom has been extinguished in America is greatly exaggerated; but I also think that it has deteriorated to a greater degree than he is apparently willing to allow. And I agree with Professor Emerson that it is the antics of the second group of liberals which have played into the hands of those who have been aiming to extinguish it completely.

Despite the most recent events centring around the Army-McCarthy-Cohn-Schine tangle, which seems to have shocked the country into a realisation of what is actually going on, there is no certainty about the future of freedom in America. As I write, the press reports a horrible instance of smearing of one of the finest New Deal liberals, Clifford Durr, a brother-in-law by marriage of Justice Hugo Black, at the hands of the quieter, politer and more correct Jenner Committee. But this is certain: American freedom is bound to deteriorate much further if the second group of liberals does not abandon its obsession, forget its careers, risk the Communist taint and devote itself whole-heartedly to the defence of the basic principle that there will be no freedom of expression for any unless it is assured to all, the despised and unpopular included. Too many liberals in America have failed to act on the prescription issued by Tom Paine more than 150 years ago:

> He that would make his own liberty secure must guard even his enemy from oppression; for if he violates his duty, he establishes a precedent that will reach to himself.

May I add only that Professor Emerson has not had an easy time of it in America for insisting on living up to this prescription.

122 East 42nd St., David L. Weissman
New York.

Sir,—I think that Mr. Jacobs spoke out very well for many of us. I awaited with great interest the reply of Mr. Kingsley Martin and I must admit to decided disappointment. The reply seemed to verify that your journal *has* for the last four or five years (as long as I have been reading it) turned a sharp edge towards America. I myself am not unduly affected. I well see that some of the criticism is deserved, and I know and love the English country. But consider how other people might be affected.

Let me say for myself that I spent a year (1949-50) in England and there began to read The New Statesman and Nation—I have been a subscriber ever since. As I read it week by week, and as my days in England shortened, an apprehension grew upon me concerning what I was to find upon my return to America. Your journal, and I wasn't reading anything else, was presenting a very dark picture indeed. Would I find my friends, and people in general one meets in railway stations or restaurants, no longer saying out freely what they were thinking? What I did find on my return was just what I had left. Complaints there were, criticism, and talk. I admit I experienced great relief and said so to my friends.

I continued to read your journal, and taking advantage of your six months offer I sent it on to various friends and relations. To complete my story I must tell you of two reactions. A brother, a biochemist, enjoyed it for a time but finally came to react towards it as did Mr. Jacobs. He found the picture presented consistently unfair.

A friend, a zoologist, and one who has also a great fondness for England, having spent one of the war years there, writes: "The New Statesman and Nation is as vigorous as ever and is certainly much the best reading. It has a vitality that I have not encountered in any other periodical—British or American, but . . ." But he also cannot stick the bias.

Perhaps Mr. Kingsley Martin struck it right when he began his article: "The course of true love never ran smoothly between Britain and America." He could have stopped there. The issue lies deeper than McCarthyism. Flavia L. Flavin

Carmel, California

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PERSIAN DEMOCRATS

Sir,—The Americans have not as yet insisted on the Zahedi administration enforcing a censorship of foreign newspapers in Persia, and though living in Teheran I am still lucky enough to get a sight of most British dailies and weeklies. I had never supposed that your press would present a picture of the Persian political situation and of the oil crisis corresponding at all with the point of view of the majority of Persians, but I confess that I was very surprised to read the remarks in your issue of February 27. You summarise the position with the remark, "the main difficulty that lies ahead is technical," and this seems to me to show a complete misunderstanding of our position and a misunderstanding, shared as far as I can see, by the whole of the British press.

As we Persians see it, the main difficulty that lies ahead is precisely the same old difficulty that lies behind. The British press calls this difficulty "extreme nationalism," hoping, I suppose, that this cliché will obscure or explain away the intense feeling of the main (and increasing) body of Persians that somehow or another political power in Persia must be taken from the small group of courtiers, landowners and profiteers who, working uneasily together, once sold their country to Reza Shah and are now busy doing a deal with the Americans. What Persians are after is some form of better housekeeping in their own establishment, and what they have hoped for is support or at least friendly understanding from their sympathisers abroad. But at each crisis since the war it seems that foreign pressure always works in favour of the "old gang," and from the abdication of Reza Shah onwards we have suffered from foreign support of the extremes, the Soviet standing by the extreme Left wing of the Tudeh party and the Western democracies supporting the members of the old, old political poker school whose names were sometimes those of statesmen mature even in the first world war. The middle parties, numerically and intellectually much the strongest, are completely ignored. If he did nothing else, Dr. Mossadeq showed the powerful support the middle parties could release. Dr. Mossadeq was not their leader (he himself stemmed in every sense from the old ruling circles) but he was their advertising agent, a great theatrical figure from whom the Western democracies might have learned something of the growing middle potential between the two extremes of political life in Persia. The democracies learned nothing. Mossadeq was passed off as a figure of fun and now where do we find Western democratic pressure being exerted? Why, in support of a Government called in every Persian town and village "naukar-i-Americai" (America's flunkey). And whom does this government represent in Persia? Practically no one. Not one single name belonging to the middle progressive parties is numbered amongst its supporters and these middle groupings are left with the rather dismal hope of finding help from the Tudeh or of doing nothing at all. It was the middle groups' desire for good housekeeping that allowed Dr. Mossadeq to nationalise Persian oil; and his action, from the Persian angle, was not so much a blow at the British concessionaires as a violent theatrical gesture indicating the feelings and the strength of the middle parties.

The enormous mistake being made by the Western democracies at the moment is that of concentrating on the oil issue. Interested in the oil crisis financially, they do not see it for what it is, a labour pain heralding the birth of a new kind of regime in Persia. It may be that the main difficulty that lies ahead is technical as you remark. Still, even a technical problem has its end and if the end of this one is an oil agreement with the Zahedi administration and its approval by a rigged Majlis no one should be led to imagine that this amounts to an agreement with the Persian people or that another Persian Majlis will not be in as great a hurry to annul the agreement as it seems the Americans are to push it through.

Teheran. M. PARSPOUR

RHODESIA

SIR,—It is reported in the South African press that in a recent B.B.C. radio debate Major Lewis Hastings implored Mr. Fenner Brockway, M.P., to refrain from criticism of Rhodesia, which he said was one of the happiest countries in existence. Such criticism causes trouble where there would otherwise be no trouble. Major Hastings is a man of integrity and standing. In Rhodesia, which I know well, I have similar friends, who delude themselves into the same delightful idea of Rhodesia as a land of joy. Because they have nice houses or farms, with pleasant and good servants, whom they treat well according to local standards, they think that all is well.

May I suggest that such men should ponder the iniquitous pass laws, which prevent a man from moving freely in his own country, the colour bar which deprives the non-European of opportunity and of the same privileges as the European, and reflect that there are Europeans with other ideas who may beat or even murder Africans and get off with it or suffer mild punishment. Then Major Hastings and his friends should bring all their influence to bear on the Rhodesian Government to abolish these disabilities and give the African a fair chance to prove his worth and ability. Such is the way to stop criticism and earn praise.

P.O. Magoebaskloof, J. L. STEWART
North Transvaal.

KENYA SETTLERS

SIR,—The whole structure of Kenya society is proof of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION'S contention that the settlers have continuously prevailed over Whitehall. The only alternative is to assume that Whitehall never meant what it said about the paramountcy of native interests and willingly co-operated in the creation of the present White predominance in every field. The tragedy is that Mr. Lyttelton could not have consulted African opinion had he wished—no organ has been left through which it could be voiced. He was able to learn the modest demands of African members of the Legislative Council nominated by Government; and that he was unable to induce the Europeans to accept them, is merely an illustration of settler extremism. The difference between one or two nominated African Ministers has no bearing on the problem of creating a *democratic* society—multi-racial in the sense that it includes people of more than one race and not that economic and political power are doled out to racial groups as such. Kenya history has given us some alarming hints as to the reactions of the settlers to any proposal which looks like beginning to redistribute political and economic power on a democratic and, therefore, non-racial basis. K. M. KLOPPER

11 Sylvan Place,
Edinburgh, 9.

HENRY MOORE

SIR,—Miss Sheppard refers to the alleged views of my father-in-law. What on Earth is the relevance? This impertinent parish gossip is concluded with the warning, *to me* (!), that it would be "simpler and wiser . . . to forget people's political colours where taste in art is the prime issue"! Presumably your correspondent has read only one issue of the *N.S. & N.*—one week's copy—or she would know that my first contribution to this correspondence was an attempt to persuade your critic that taste in art *is* the prime issue—and not the political interpretation which may be foisted upon it.

Mr. Nicolson lays a neat trap for me, in asking me to name "just one artist born after 1850 whom both Sir Alfred Munnings and Mr. Berger would admire." I do not see why my assertion that "social realist art criticism and tired academicism in painting share identical interests" should enable me to predict the personal taste of Sir Alfred, who is a painter, not a critic, and one whose *dislikes* (Picasso, Moore, etc.) are more frequently aired than his likes. It is Sir Alfred's *painting* and Mr. Berger's *criticism* that seem to me to coincide and complement one another. And Sir Alfred's support of Mr. Berger a fortnight ago I took as encouragement for this view.

Mr. George Richards said he had long been meaning to congratulate you on printing "the finest art criticism appearing anywhere today." He goes on—"Neither Mr. Heron nor Mr. Robertson makes any attempt to combat your art critic's central thesis (supported with great subtlety and insight both here and in dealing with the parallel case of Graham Sutherland) which is, etc., etc." Mr. Richards is presumably referring to my long article on Sutherland published in your columns last June. I don't remember reading Mr. Berger, at any length, on Sutherland.

Holland Park, W.11. PATRICK HERON

SIR,—Messrs. Heron and Robertson have failed to produce cogent objections to John Berger's welcome and carefully reasoned criticism of Henry Moore. Both say that they think that Henry Moore is a great sculptor, but they do not give reasons for his greatness, though Mr. Robertson speaks vaguely of "tragedy and compassion." Neither attempts to answer Mr. Berger's criticism: "it is not their distortions that are arresting at all, but the fact that any parts have any reference to life whatsoever." Mr. Heron simply asserts, "He is the Picasso of modern sculpture." This is nonsense—one is reminded of Beachcomber's remark: "Wagner is the Puccini of music." Picasso himself is the Picasso of modern sculpture; anyone can remind himself of this fact by looking at Kahnweiler's *The Sculptures of Picasso*.

Thetford, Norfolk. JOHN PALMER

HIDDEN CENSORSHIP

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to the letter in your issue of March 27 from Mary Wedd in which she alleges that she has been unable to obtain a copy of *In Love* from the Hampstead Public Libraries. The reasons she advances as having been given to her are that "a Councillor objected to the book."

First, I must point out that there are three copies of this book in circulation and, secondly, that there has never been any question of censorship. The purchase of books is made, not by a Committee as such, but by the Chief Librarian. No member of our staff with any knowledge of the system could have made such a statement, and I venture to suggest that your correspondent might have verified the facts of the case before rushing into print and casting a most unwarranted slur upon the service which is provided. GEOFFREY FINSBERG,

Public Libraries Committee, *Chairman.*
Hampstead Borough Council.

SIR WILLIAM BRERETON

SIR,—"The urgent need in 17th-century history is for the investigation of the local origins of developments in national politics," say Messrs. Brunton and Pennington in their *Members of the Long Parliament*; and in his review in your columns Sir Lewis Namier raised the alarm that the materials for such investigations were fast disappearing. May I ask the assistance of your readers in unearthing documents that have vanished from catalogues and indexes but may still exist? Sir William Brereton, author of "Travels in Holland, Scotland and Ireland," governor of Westminster and patron of Whitgift School, Croydon, M.P. for Cheshire and (like Cromwell) successful amateur soldier, left many records. Five letter-books, three in the British Museum, one in Chester and one in Birmingham, survive; at least two others existed, besides an account of the 1628 Parliament and journals of travels. No full-length biography exists, and I would be grateful for any assistance in tracking down relevant documents.

Chapel Lane, Hale Barns. R. N. DORE

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The Ideologist of Inequality

When R. A. Butler unbuttons, he will sometimes tell the story of how he became author of the 1944 Education Act. " Winston sent for me one day in 1941, and said that he was reshuffling the Government and wanted to make me a proposition. Would I go to the Board of Education? I could have the day to think it over. I replied that I needed no time for reflection, since this was the one job I would like to have more than any other. At which the Old Man growled: ' Just like you, Rab, but I offered it to you as an insult.' "

The story may well be apocryphal, but it is characteristic of the Chancellor's wry sense of humour that a story, told apparently against himself, is infinitely more damaging to the Prime Minister. Since 1940, when Sir Winston became his boss, Butler has had to accept from him a whole series of pinpricks and studied insults. It is not surprising if he seldom tries to conceal that his feelings for Sir Winston are reciprocal. No two men could be more antipathetic. Rab has never been able to accept Sir Winston as a serious statesman. He sees him as a self-centred and sentimental romantic, with a frivolous disregard for economics, a streak of political irresponsibility, and an inability to listen to anything except his own speeches in the afternoon and his own conversation after midnight.

In Sir Winston's eyes, Rab is a Socialist *manqué*—a prig, an intellectual, a planner and, worst of all, an appeaser—whose presence on the Front Bench is all the more resented because it is indispensable. The Prime Minister can never forget that his Chancellor of the Exchequer first won political prominence when he helped Sam Hoare to pilot the India Bill through the Commons, and then as Chamberlain's stooge at the Foreign Office, parrying day after day at Question Time Churchillian attacks on appeasement. Anthony Eden, in Sir Winston's view, may be a lightweight, with a deplorable aptitude for clichés; but at least, in the succession, he would carry on the grand tradition. If that dull dog Rab got control, there would soon be no difference between the two parties.

What truth is there in this picture of the Chancellor as a progressive Tory with dangerous proclivities to Socialism? None at all. R. A. Butler is that very rare bird, a Conservative, not by habit, but by intellectual conviction. He conscientiously objects to Socialism, because he positively believes in the principle of inequality. Freedom, in his view, is only possible in a society controlled by an élite and within a firm framework of authority. The true defender of freedom must oppose any enlargement of liberty which threatens this framework, and recognise that an equalitarian society will prove both unhappy and inefficient. Unhappy because mankind resents equality: inefficient because the élite will be submerged under the mob tyranny of the majority. The task of Conservatism, therefore, in the 20th century is, not to oppose public ownership or planning or the Welfare State—which are all inevitable features of the modern managerial society—but to use them in an effort to maintain the differences of wealth and status which are essential to stability. If Mr. Butler opposes Communism—as he does—he at least regards it as a practical method of organising a modern industrial State, whereas he condemns Socialism, with its ideals of fair shares and workers' control, on the ground that it corrodes both economic incentives and political authority.

It is, of course, this distaste for "sentimentalism" which has enabled Mr. Butler to win the respect, if not the confidence of the T.U.C. The leaders of the big unions share his belief in authority and his distaste for the demagogy of rank-and-file movements. Many of them, indeed, prefer his cool, bipartisan approach to industrial problems either to the religious fervour of Stafford Cripps or the expert competence of Hugh Gaitskell. Here, they feel, is a Chancellor ready to concede a high place to the trade unions within the managerial society which he runs. What is more, they can be sure that he has no intention of transforming the economy in such a way as to disturb their present status.

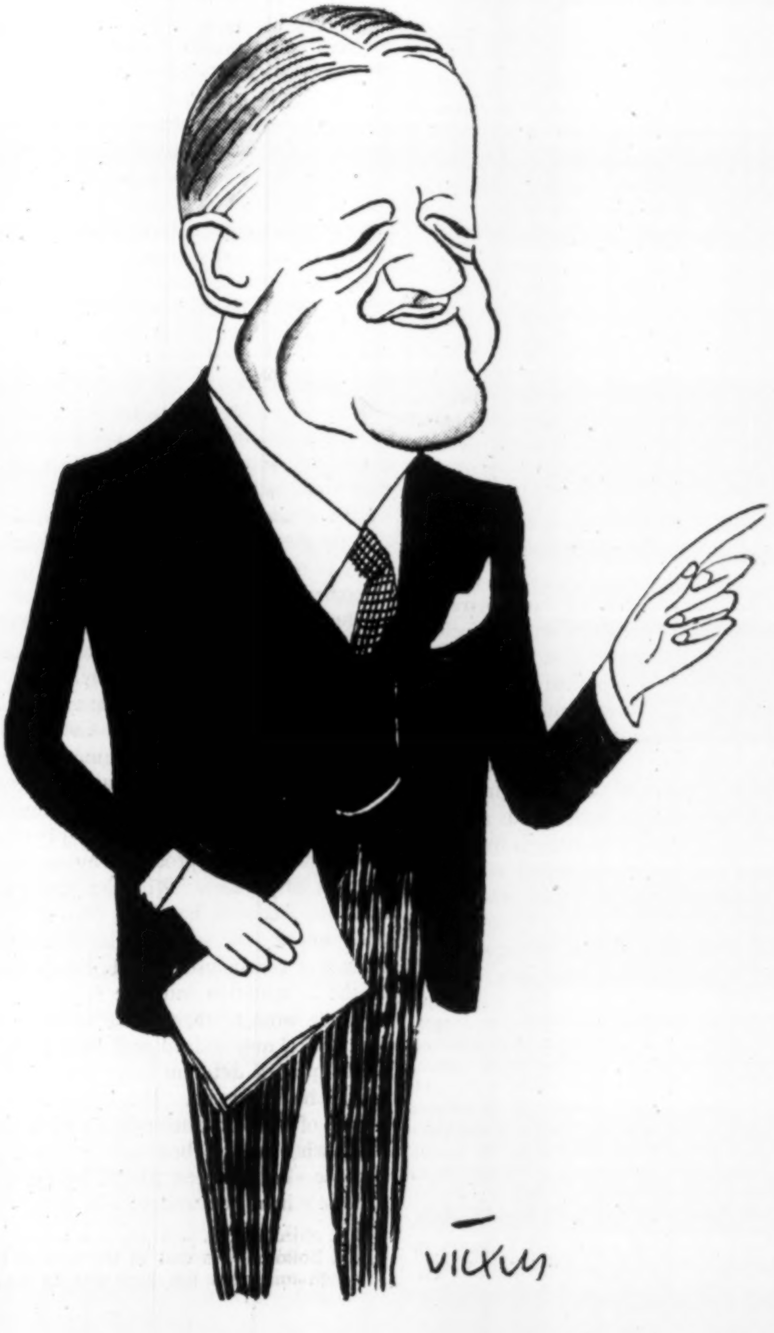
The second principle of Mr. Butler's philosophy is the recognition of power as the dominant fact in politics, and his consequent readiness to give moral approval to the *fait accompli*. By consistently applying this principle throughout his political career, he has earned the name, now of a radical, and now of an appeaser. Already in the 1930s he did not conceal his contempt for the Blimps in his own party, and was quick to recognise the passing of imperial power in India and indeed throughout the Empire. He appeased the Indian Congress in the first half of the 'thirties in much the same spirit as he appeased General Franco in the second, or as, at the moment, he is appeasing the trade unions. The art of government, in his view, is to yield to the forces of change and then to harness them in time to prevent the disintegration of authority, whether in domestic politics or in international relations. In his eyes, there is no last ditch which is really worth defending if you can get out of it in time and with good grace, no principle worth fighting for if, by surrendering it, you can retain control of the situation.

This kind of painstaking and detached adaptability came naturally to Mr. Butler. His family has produced two sharply contrasting types of public men, the remote other-wordly Butlers of academic distinction and the pro-consuls. Rab belongs to the second type. Both his father, Montague, and his uncle, Harcourt, were Indian provincial governors, and he himself was born in India and had a typical Anglo-Indian upbringing. While his parents remained abroad, the four children came to England for boarding school and stayed with relatives in the holidays. As the eldest, Rab had the responsibility of looking after his brother and two sisters. He had an inconspicuous career at Marlborough, where a bad fall from a horse left him with one arm permanently stiff, and so precluded him from any interest in sport. (Incidentally, this accident may have influenced the style of his oratory—even if he had ever been tempted to gesticulate widely, he could not do so.)

Born in 1902, Mr. Butler was too young for the First World War. He went up in 1921 to Pembroke, the family college at Cambridge, and took Firsts in both parts of the Modern Language Tripos and then in History. These academic distinctions brought him a teaching fellowship at Corpus. But he had already decided to go into politics, and his marriage to Sydney, the only daughter of Samuel Courtauld, made this financially possible. He immediately gave up his Fellowship, and trained himself for the House of Commons by a Grand Voyage which lasted for two full years. In 1929 he won the safe seat at Saffron Walden, which he still holds. Stimulated by his wife, he has developed a keen, if conventional, interest in art; the town house in Smith Square is decorated with a superb collection of Impressionists and post-Impressionists, and one of Rab's hobbies is painting Impressionist watercolours. He also shares with his wife an amateur interest in farming—they run rival herds of pedigree cattle.

Neither about his private hobbies nor on public affairs has Mr. Butler ever been known to express a violent judgment. In the small circle of his family and friends, he can show warmth and affection, but he detests enthusiasm, and the only emotion which he cannot control is his revulsion against emotionalism in any form. A crowd at a football match, or a scene in the House of Commons, convulses him with a hatred of the vulgar herd. Even ambition in its normal form is distasteful to him. He entered politics as a public service, and has not been surprised by his own success because he recognises his own value. He has the rather unattractive qualities one would expect of a young man brought up to be a philosopher king in Plato's Academy, but his cold efficiency is redeemed by one defect. Not only does he fail to suffer fools gladly; he cannot resist telling stories about their folly. For a successful politician he can be amazingly indiscreet.

After the Conservative débâcle in 1945—a defeat which he vainly predicted was bound to result from Mr. Churchill's election tactics—Rab disappeared into the Conservative Central Office, and set about reorganising its administration and reshaping its policy. His colleagues, who preferred the limelight, were well content to let him take on this unrewarding chore. When the Tories' Industrial Charter and the New Road for Britain were first produced, Sir Winston was careful to indicate that he had not even bothered to read these boring documents, and Mr. Eden continued to charm the Commons with his contributions on foreign affairs. But by 1950 it began to look as though Mr. Butler's inconspicuous labours were achieving results. In the new and considerably larger Opposition, a new kind of young Tory was emerging who could stand up to the Fabians on the other side and expound the case for welfare capitalism. All of them, MacLeod, Allport, Maude, Powell, and Maudling, were Butler's men, trained by him in the Party headquarters; and in 1951, Rab came into his own. He appointed himself Chancellor of the Exchequer, and at once built a ring fence round his own private empire of economic affairs. He could afford to wait until Sir Winston's overlords had proved themselves failures and even the stupidest backbencher had come to realise that the survival of British Conservatism was only possible by applying the New Inequality which he had quietly developed in the years of Opposition.



It is easy, now, to say that this was bound to happen—the Churchill Government could not have repudiated the achievements of 1945-50. But such a judgment would be an example of misguided hindsight. If the Conservatives had won a majority of 100, they would almost certainly have been compelled, by the dynamic of their own propaganda while in Opposition, to attempt a dash to freedom which would have brought them to electoral disaster within two years. What saved the Government was the narrow margin in Parliament and the fact that Labour had achieved a plurality of the popular vote. This gave Rab his opportunity and he seized it with both hands.

Even so, as he would be the first to admit, luck has had a lot to do with the success of the new Conservatism. He went to the Treasury without any expert knowledge of economics, and with a prejudice in favour of ending all exchange controls and setting the pound free. It was sheer good fortune that his own firm decision to do so was frustrated by a well-timed leak from the Treasury and the intervention at Chartwell of Lord Cherwell. This resounding defeat saved the Chancellor from economic disaster, and enabled him to exploit the unprecedently favourable economic situation. With the terms of trade in his favour, he has been able to restore power to the City of London, to free British industry from controls, to end rationing, to fulfil the pledge to build three hundred thousand houses—all without having to make a frontal attack on working-class living standards.

If Disraeli stole the clothes of the Whigs by pledging the Tory party to extend the franchise, Mr. Butler has performed an even more skilful theft, and he has done it in despite of his own Prime Minister. In 1950, Herbert Morrison could proclaim consolidation as the watchword of Labour: the social revolution had been accomplished, and all that was now required was to administer a fully-employed Welfare State. In 1954, such a programme is manifestly impossible for the Labour Party. Mr. Butler has shown that his new Toryism can consolidate the post-war dispensation and even improve upon it by abolishing rationing and the wage freeze. By demonstrating, even for two years, that free enterprise is compatible with full employment and inequality with the Welfare State, he has not only saved the Conservative Party from a self destructive adherence to principle; he has also weakened the Opposition by driving a wedge deep into the Labour Movement. For the time being, at least, the firm framework of traditional authority has been saved from the onslaught of Socialist equalitarianism.

PROVIDENCE

When God created Billy Graham
He taught him prayers and how to praham:
When making me He thought it subtler
To make me prey for Mister Bubtler.

Reginald Reynolds

Books in General

THE second volume of *The Man Without Qualities** sustains the impression of a major writer of comedy in the Viennese manner, and of an original imagination. So original, so clever, so prolific of sensations and ideas that one feels the usual reservations that arise when one is set upon by a passionate and ingenious talker. Will all these thoughts and images drown the voices of the characters? Will they become mere arpeggios in the endless score of egoism? As far as this second volume is concerned, Musil is still an artist; but there is something of the café writer in him and it requires the special hardness of genius (such as we find in Italo Svevo) to keep that kind of writing from becoming a catherine wheel fizzing round and round on the same spot. Like Svevo's Zeno, Musil's Ulrich can never resist a theory and will always rush to philander with a contradiction; but Svevo always sees the tragedy or the folly of his own cleverness, whereas Musil can become over-excited and intense.

A French friend of Musil's, M. Bernard Guillemin, has been good enough to add something to the comments I made on the mysterious English title of this novel. What Musil meant by "a man without Qualities" (*Mann ohne Eigenschaften*), he says, was "a man completely disengaged and uncommitted or of a man in quest of non-accidental attributes and responsibilities self-chosen—the German counterpart of Gide's "*homme disponible*" though there is nothing of Gide in Musil's work. Nor is there anything of Proust in him despite the long sentences—as some critics have thought—though there is an upside-down resemblance in one sense. Where Proust sought to recover the past that spreads back orchestrally from the note struck in the present moment, Musil is always feeling his way out of the present towards the future, to find out where he is, and where consciousness is tending. He is searching for an imaginary future where at last, it will be possible to begin life with a formed personality. It is the idea on which psycho-analysis was based. What he says of the Austrian character has some bearing on his own: "Even mistrust of oneself and one's destiny here assumed the character of profound self-certainty." In the later volumes, it is said to have worried Musil himself, that a character as disengaged as Ulrich is, will eventually become isolated and by-passed by life. The sense of adventure which exhilarates the early volumes, is said to become paralysed in the later ones, where the intellectually liberated man is not able to take the next step into "right action." It is significant that Musil's novel was never finished. He had spun a brilliant web of perceptions round himself and was imprisoned by them.

That may be the price to be paid for a special kind of comic genius. Musil is enchanted by the comedies of the intellect, and by the changing architectural styles of consciousness. He is superb in delineating the process by which image becomes idea, and by which ideas are married, often grotesquely and always strangely, to emotion, and all this in very moving human terms. In this second volume, the absurd Collateral Campaign is still going on in Austria, attracting the kind of people who always drift towards propaganda through vanity, personal madness, insensibility, or from plainly disingenuous motives. This Campaign is a brilliantly funny notion, and it is prophetic of the world of large, vague organisations, especially the cultural ones, which are characteristic of our time. The people connected with this Campaign are figures of high comedy: Diotima, the lofty-minded Egeria, who runs the social side, who discovers the "soul" just as she is getting tired of her husband, a high government official. She has risen out of the middle classes into aristocratic society, and she plants this idea of the soul in an international financier and arms manufacturer, a German called Arnheim. There are Generals who come in because "the Army must keep an eye on things"; Diotima's rivals, to keep an eye on her, and so on. There is a wonderful complete picture of a society at the edge of the precipice of 1914. The novelist's comic sense of character is speculative, and is strengthened by his penetration into the kinds of consciousness current at the time, into how private ideas become public, and public ideas affect the emotions of private life.

In the meantime, the Moosbrugger case—Moosbrugger (it will be remembered) is a sex maniac awaiting execution—underlies the social picture and makes its own disturbing footnotes. What about the law's attitude to insanity in murder; what about violence in the state, in personal life? At the most unexpected moments, Moosbrugger—who is merely a name in the papers to most of the characters—raises his idiot head and poses his devastating questions. "Ordinary life," Ulrich concludes, "is an intermediate state made up of all our possible crimes." So Musil dresses a platitude in epigrammatic form; he is rather free with epigrams; but his gift is to enact epigrams imaginatively.

In this volume the analysis of character is done at much greater length than in the introductory volume and so there is more discussion and less action. Of the portraits, Arnheim's and the absurd yet subtle General's are the most impressive, but we must not omit the girl Gerda and her lover who are moving towards an early form of Fascism. Musil's Arnheim is by far the most cogent and exhaustive study of a millionaire magnate's mind that I have ever read. The irony is exact and continuous. Arnheim, for example, had "the gift of being a paragon":

> Through his understanding of this delicate interlocking of all forms of life, which only the blind arrogance of the ideologist can forget, Arnheim came to see the prince of commerce as the synthesis of revolution and permanence, of armed power and bourgeois civilisation, of reasoned audacity and honest to goodness knowledge, but essentially as a symbolic prefiguration of the kind of democracy that was about to come into existence . . . he hoped to meet the new age half-way.

Under the influence of his love for Diotima, Arnheim seeks to bring about the "fusion of interests between Business and the Soul." His craving for power leads him to writing books: "with positively spectral prolixity" his pen began to pour out reflections on "the need of this fusion" and "it is equally certain that his ambition to master all there was to be known . . . found in the soul a means of devaluing everything that his intellect could not master." Arnheim is morally devastated by his love for Diotima for she is monumentally high-minded; and Musil, has the pleasure of showing us a sumptuous, high-minded *femme du monde* reduced to the frantic condition of a woman forced to the bed of a testy, cynical husband, and a magnate paradoxically reverting to his native instincts the more his "soul" is elevated. All roads leave from the soul, Musil reflects, but none lead back to it: Arnheim is no more than a magnate after all and, once Diotima can be his, he falls back on the old maxim that in love, as in business, one had better spend only the interest, not the capital. Arnheim's character reminds one of Walter Bagehot's dictum that a kind of intellectual twilight, with all its vagueness, is necessary to the man of business and, towards the end of this volume, Musil reveals what Arnheim is really after in the ideological mists of the Collateral Campaign and the higher life of Diotima; he is after control of the Galician oilfields.

Ulrich, the man without qualities, is the natural enemy of Arnheim; his natural foil is the comic General. An air of unworldliness in civilian life is an obligatory mask of the military profession; all "a poor soldier man" may permit himself to point out is that, if the military have a virtue, it is their sense of order. There is a farcical scene of discussion when this soldier describes his visit to the National Library where he approaches the whole task of improving his mind in the spirit of the state-gist. The General is a wit in his way. Even after a carefully worked-out campaign of reading, in which he allows for substantial casualties, he discovers it will still take him 10,000 years to read what is necessary. "There must be something wrong about that," he says, raising his glass of brandy.

Musil writes with the heightened sensibility of a man in love; that is to say, under the influence of the unrest of seeking a harmony and completion in things. The Collateral Campaign itself is a kind of communal love affair. In the description of love affairs and especially in the portraits of women in love, Musil is truly original; in managing scenes of physical love, he has not been approached by any writer of the last fifty years. What has been missing, in those accounts, has been Musil's transcendent subject: the sense of the changing architecture of consciousness. He brings the effect of the imagination into the fears and desires of these women, their sense of living out an idea which may indeed well be a love fantasy about quite a different lover from the one in whose bed they lie. He is sensitive to the power of "erotic distraction"; of Rachel, the maid who goes to bed with a fellow servant because she has been stirred by the touch of a guest's hand, he writes:

> The object of this yearning was actually Ulrich, and Solimon was cast in the role of the man whom one does not love and to whom one

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* *The Man Without Qualities: Volume II.* By ROBERT MUSIL. Translated by EITHNE WILKINS and ERNST KAISER. *Secker & Warburg.* 25s.

will nevertheless abandon oneself—a point on which Rachel was in no sort of doubt whatsoever. For the fact that she was not allowed to be with him, that for some time past they had hardly ever spoken to each other except in a whisper, and that the displeasure of those in authority over them had descended upon them both, had much the effect on her as a night full of uncertainty, uncanny happenings, and sighs has on anyone in love; it all concentrated her smouldering fancies like a burning glass, the beam of which is felt less as an agreeable warmth than as something one will not be able to stand much longer.

The high-minded love affair, the violently neurotic, the absurd one, the desperate affair carried on against the will, the one crossed by other lives; from all these Musil extracts the essence with dignity and gaiety, the comi-tragedy of human loss and incompleteness. The history of love is the history of absence, of arrival and departure. He is able to do what no contemporary ever does: to move from the imaginative and emotional to the physical without change of voice; even the naked fight on the bed or the brazen or terrified undressing are not marred by the worst fault of our erotic realism: its unconscious grotesque. The tenderness, subtlety and disinterestedness of Musil's intelligence enable him to do this; and the almost conversational style. Critics tell us that, whatever the awkwardness of translation may be, he has in German a style that is as lucid as that of Anatole France and less florid than Proust's. One cannot judge this, though the translation of this second volume seems to me an improvement on the first. (The whole difficulty has been to avoid translating German abstractions into the kind of technical or administrative super-jargon which these become in English.) Musil is an addiction. The most irrelevant criticism made of him by some Germans and Austrians is that his kind of café sensibility is out of date. It may certainly be familiar in Schnitzler and Svevo, but Musil's whole scheme prophetically describes the bureaucratic condition of our world, and what can only be called the awful, deadly serious and self-deceptive love-affair of one committee for another. And he detects the violence underneath it all. In only one sense is he out of date: he can conceive of a future, of civilised consciousness flowing on and not turning back sick and doomed upon itself.

V. S. PRITCHETT

TWO POEMS

THE LIMITATIONS OF MATHEMATICS

Being two, becoming one
Some lovers find is not such fun
As being one, becoming two—
Mathematics will support this view;

Ambitious couples must explore
Being one and being four
Each being both, though both are each—
This mathematics does not teach.

REPEATED BY HEART

"This gun fires if you drop it; men have died
Unnerved into a careless suicide;
The regulations must not be defied."

"The regulations lead to suicide;
They drill away until the nerve has died;
This gun fires if you drop it; some have tried."

RICHARD DRAIN

A MATTER OF BLACK AND WHITE

Colour Prejudice in Britain. By ANTHONY H. RICHMOND. *Routledge.* 18*s.*

Colour prejudice is simply an obvious and dramatic symptom of humanity's most degrading sickness. It is the disease of condemning one another, not for what we do, which is bad enough, but for what we are—Jew, Communist, bourgeois, capitalist, German, American, White or Black. It is a judgment in terms of categories whose very names carry so great an emotional charge that they can hardly be uttered without a spew of hatred. Whether prejudice is shown in the polite snub and clever sneer, or in the ruined ghetto, the essential infection is the same. What is terrifying is its universality. It appears to spring from emotional imperatives so deeply ingrained in our nature that they might seem to be some psychological corollary of original sin.

Mr. Richmond's book is doubly welcome. It not only clarifies a pressing and specific problem, but throws light on dark areas of the human soul. The specific problem is best illustrated in the words of an informant:

> In America you know where you stand; in England the people say they have no prejudice or colour bar, but in practice we know that it is there. But because it is not out in the open we cannot fight it.

Mr. Richmond's aim is to discover the extent and implications of this camouflaged prejudice by studying what happened to 345 West Indian Negroes who came to work in Britain—in fact in Liverpool—between 1941 and 1943. He is also incidentally concerned with the Negro population of Liverpool as a whole and with the general attitude of the English to the African, but the title of the book is perhaps slightly misleading. What we have here is a detailed study which is nevertheless sufficiently extensive to form a solid basis for speculation. This is more valuable than a bird's-eye view of colour prejudice in Britain which could hardly avoid being impressionistic.

The study is by no means one-sided. There is the kind landlady who takes in West Indians despite local prejudice, and enthusiastically invites her friends "to meet my niggers." There is an idealistic dance-hall proprietor who closes his hall to the Forces because American soldiers have objected to the presence of Negroes. On the other hand, there are Negroes who are really bad hats, shiftless psychopaths who were doubtless in constant trouble at home. But on the whole the story is depressing. At work and in their social relations generally, particularly in his relations with women, life tends to be made insultingly difficult for the Negro. There is small wonder that few of them succeed in adjusting satisfactorily to English life. It is hard enough to settle comfortably into the norms and conventions of an alien society, as anyone will know who has tried, but when that society is so hostile, it must be almost impossible. The Liverpuddlian West Indians, according to Mr. Richmond, were felt to be a threat to the security of the Whites, while the Negroes, disturbed by this attitude, desperately tried to gain acceptance. But this attempt only led to greater White anxiety and therefore to more vigorous rejection. The final outcome was that the two groups reached a compromise. The Negroes were tolerated if they did not impinge too much on White society, using their own clubs, cafés and community centre. This mutual accommodation, however, only fixed and solidified boundaries of incomprehension between the two colours.

Mr. Richmond gives a clear account of the principal social psychological hypotheses about prejudice and makes sensible suggestions concerning educational and religious measures to counteract it, but—

> all the good will in the world and all attempts to bring about assimilation by breaking down barriers and removing prejudice will be to no avail if, for example, tensions at the international level continue to be a source of anxiety to people.

But even this, I fear, is optimistic. The sorry

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¶ THE PUBLIC AND PREPARATORY SCHOOLS YEAR BOOK 1954-55 will be published in December 1954.

ADAM & CHARLES BLACK

tale of prejudice started aeons ago. In the first place, the foreign smell of the intruder in the pack may have stimulated self-preserving aggression. But now the need for a scapegoat is an almost ineradicable part of our psychological equipment, having little material purpose. Under stress we project outwards what is dark and violent in our own minds, but have the horrid cleverness to justify our behaviour towards Italian miners and Negro bus-conductors in terms of economics or moral standards. In time this particular problem may be solved. We may learn to appreciate the Negro, but so long as the potentiality for irrational hatred remains in our hearts, it will flare out against someone or something. Perhaps the best we can hope for is that it can be directed against cruelty, injustice and prejudice.

The author's pains to document all his sources fully and to support them when possible with statistics, perhaps detracts somewhat from the book's readability. But it is written with compassionate objectivity which is as much a tribute to Mr. Richmond's attitude as to the meticulousness of his research.

ADAM CURLE

ARTS OF FRANCE

Paintings of Ingres. By GEORGES WILDENSTEIN. *Phaidon.* 55*s*.

Art and Architecture in France. By ANTHONY BLUNT. *Penguin Books.* 42*s*.

The Phaidon dust-jacket shows the head of Mlle Rivière. It is a detail to haunt one: suddenly passing a shop window, one is face to face with the mystery of it. Was the broad familiar face really ever as broad as this? Is it perhaps that we look not only on the head but *round* it? The farther cheek is pressed out flat as if against glass: the wonder, the poetry, is in just this flatness. A look at the detail in a mirror rediscovers a quality of surprise: the plane of a picture against which an image is pressed, unresisting and unharmed, can show us more of form than we ever see in life.

How well the style of Ingres agrees with halftone reproduction! Some like neither, but at their best both processes are incomparable. Halftone might have been expressly designed for this monochromatic modelling. In these plates Ingres's *plans droits avec des rondeurs* shine with all their lustre. Little escapes: the paper itself, glossy and fragile as porcelain, evokes him, and canvases which seem not so much painted as perfectly *coated*. It is hard to think of a more beautiful picture book, or one so suited to the pictorial consistency of its subject.

In addition to the plates, which are perfection, there is a most useful catalogue. It is probably not quite perfect: the revealing early criticisms would have been worth fuller note, and the reference to Hourticq, perhaps pardonably, is strangely confused. *The Dream of Ossian*, without which any view of Ingres is incomplete, should surely have been among the plates, instead of wretchedly illustrated in the text, and the history of *Virgil Reading the Aeneid* is, on this showing, far from clear. The sketch for the adaptation of *Ossian*, the early *Stratonice* drawing in the Louvre and the David-like *Philemon* at Le Puy would have traced the pictorial development better than some of the miscellaneous drawings of no particular relevance and undisclosed whereabouts which are included among the plates. The critical apparatus here is none the less by far the best obtainable: the introduction, by contrast, will certainly be the least used part of the book. It was evidently conceived in the French grandiloquent style, which is appropriate enough. But the execution, or perhaps the translation (if it was translated) has gone awry. What, for example, is anyone in need of an introduction to make of a quotation from Ingres (in connection with the spare drawing of Greek vases) which concludes "it is Virgil's Rod which no one would know how to select unless guided by destiny"? The Rod might not defeat him if he was on guard, but the quotation would still make little sense if he did not know that this was surely *"le Rameau d'or de Virgile que nul ne peut trouver ny ceullir s'il n'est conduit par la Fatalité"*—if he did not guess, in fact, that Ingres had been reading Bellori and was remembering the single personal reflection in the notes on painting left by Poussin. Poussin's shade was never far from Ingres: he is mentioned only in passing in M. Wildenstein's introduction.

The erotic element in Ingres's style has exercised many critics. M. Wildenstein writes of these women as "subject to lustful persecutions," and discusses the approach *a posteriori* more freely than most: a hesitation to consider such things is enough to account for the fact that the English are in general bored by Ingres. Nevertheless, this reading is perhaps not quite the right one: it often looks as if the boot were on the other foot. We do not in fact fear for the fate of the *Baigneuse de Valpinçon* or the *Grande Odalisque*: indeed we detect rather in their presentation the personal background of the formal gallantry recorded of their painter "*Ingres vivra et mourra le serviteur des dames,*" he said: it was the night on which he caught a cold and died). In Ingres's line the lust is held bound and powerless. This is the truest meaning of Delacroix's diagnosis, "the complete expression of an incomplete intelligence." The expressive force of Ingres, the inner violence, lies in the emotional incompleteness: an impulse is held in perpetual suspension, icily preserved. Before our eyes love petrifies: not only the model but the presentation merits Ingres's own description, "*terrible et belle.*"

With Professor Blunt we are in another world from such meditations. He deals in the kind of statement which is verifiable, statements about facts which are documented and observations of stylistic affinity on which a consensus of opinion may agree. Speculation is held in check: whatever is subjective in his view is unconfessed. This is not perhaps the kind of writing about art most generally liked, but it is certainly one of the kinds most needed. Occasionally one has the feeling, the return of a forgotten fear, that one is preparing for an examination. And so one is . . . it is the test of feeling by fact, the fear of discovering that one's only use for works of art is to turn them into something else, something imaginary of one's own. Whoever is prepared for objectivity will find here a textbook far better, in my experience, than anything else of its kind in English. It adds greatly to our debt to Professor Blunt, to whom so much (among other things the recovery of Poussin's reference to the Golden Bough) is already owed.

Is the activity which can be chronicled in this way really quite as rich as the real thing that we know? The circumstances of a commission condition the work: the tide which society animates is the source of the individual waves which rise and fall. But the determinants of that special element in the vast industry of image-making, decoration and building which we value seem to lie, if not outside this world, in more subtle a relationship to it than any historian can analyse. The historian of verifiable fact stops short at the mystery of personal style and its unfolding: from his standpoint one phase of a great artist's development follows another as clouds pass across the moon: the element of personal purpose, of progressive, compulsive resolution, is outside his terms. For the moment art-history is in the position of tracing for us the revolutions of a part of the social machine as such, analysing the forces that turn it, but implicitly conveying that the reasons why a certain component in it has a special meaning for us must remain undisclosed. Unless we consent to the perpetual division of history from criticism another step must be taken. The essence of art is personal—we know it as such—and this personal element changes. Not only in character; its function in the whole activity, its place in the morphology of style, alters and evolves. In a word, it has a history, a history that requires to be written.

Only history as clear in aim and achievement as this poses such issues: for any present purpose this is an almost perfect book. A criticism, if there is to be one (apart from a certain sorrow for those good artists, of a calibre to merit in the sixteenth century several pages, who are in the seventeenth squeezed out of the text into the notes), concerns Georges de la Tour. The general confidence engendered is such that the unwary may not notice that the chronology here rests almost entirely on personal opinion: to another opinion, it seems far from clear that the Berlin *St. Sebastian* and its kin are very late works. Many readers of the Pelican History will wish, in all gratitude, to appeal earnestly to its publishers. The right format for future books (and reissues) in this series is surely two volumes, one of text, the other for the plates—half as many again as now.

LAWRENCE GOWING

THE COMPLEX FATE

The Literature of the United States. By MARCUS CUNLIFFE. *Penguin Books.* 3*s*. 6*d*.

Rebels and Ancestors: The American Novel, 1890-1915. By MAXWELL GEISMAR. *W. H. Allen.* 25*s*.

American is the newest of the major literatures, more recent in its significant achievement than Russian, with which it shares a common problem, the problem of its relations with Europe, one that has been obsessional in its chronic acuteness and ranging from ardent love all the way to horrified repudiation. But American literature has had to contend with another problem, which Russian has been spared: the language problem. Not even the most Westernised of nineteenth-century Russians, Turgenev, for example, could seriously doubt that he was a Russian and nothing else; his native tongue alone was enough to give him the sense of a national identity. The American has had no such assurance; unlike the citizen of older states, the very fact of being born an American has confronted him with the necessity of choosing—choosing what he shall be, choosing indeed exactly what his idea of America and being an American shall be. "It's a complex fate," as James said, "being an American," and the complexity is in proportion to the American's intelligence, awareness and learning, and also possibly to the length of time his family has been American. It is not a complex fate being an Englishman or a Frenchman; Englishness or Frenchness is merely something given and never questioned. And this fact marks the obvious difference between both Mr. Cunliffe's and Mr. Geismar's books and comparable works on English or French literature.

Both deal almost as much with the circumstances of American life, the fate of being an American, as with American literature, in a way that no English literary historian would think it necessary to "explain" England and the English. And this is not only because, in Mr. Cunliffe's case, his book is directed to an English public: it is the recognition of the central fact about American literature, which is that it is, and inevitably so, self-conscious and critical, its great and permanent theme the problem of being an American, its task the definition of a people who exist but are still in process of becoming. What they may become seems still, in the American view, something that can be controlled by conscious desire and choice. It is perhaps this that explains better than anything else the evident superiority in modern American literature of the writing of the Deep South—one thinks of Faulkner and Penn Warren, Ransom and Tate. The South is unlike the rest of the States and like a European country in that it can look back; and for the South the rest of the States, as we see when Faulkner speaks through his mouthpiece Gavin Stephens, is still the enemy whose existence sharpens the sense of its own historic identity. Outside the South, America is still a metaphysical conception, a dream one day to be realised; but the reality of the United States, at any given moment since the Civil War, has always, for its best and most truly patriotic citizens, its most sensitive poets and novelists, mocked the dream.

It is difficult to see how Mr. Cunliffe's Pelican history of American literature could have been better done. His learning is formidable, and he appears to have read everything of significance from Anne Bradstreet to John Sanford. The errors of fact, attribution and interpretation unavoidable in so packed a book covering so vast a subject are extraordinarily few and of small importance. The only serious omission, it seems to me, is any reference to Thorstein Veblen, whose *The Theory of the Leisure Class* was surely a seminal work not only in economics but also in its influence on imaginative writing. Mr. Cunliffe writes gracefully and with wit; he does not rack his subject on a Procrustes' Bed of theory; and above all he writes as one who enjoys what he reads. What he enjoys he communicates felicitously. How good, for example, are these comments, taken almost at random, on the poetry of Miss Marianne Moore: "The sense runs on across the formal pattern like a design painted over tiles"; on E. E. Cummings: "He is to modern poetry what the American artist Alexander Calder has been to modern sculpture"; on Thornton Wilder's play *The Skin of Our Teeth:* "a certain cosmic cuteness"; on Faulkner: "He has almost every fault of the novelist, including grandiosity. But he has almost every virtue as well, including grandeur." Mr. Cunliffe is to be congratulated on having written an admirable book; and its value is the greater because of the fifteen pages of bibliography appended.

Mr. Maxwell Geismar is writing the history of the American novel backwards. He began with *Writers in Crisis*, covering the period 1925–40; with his third volume, *Rebels and Ancestors*, he has reached 1890–1915, the period summed up for him by the names of Frank Norris, Stephen Crane, Jack London, Ellen Glasgow and Dreiser, each of whom is the subject of a long essay. In some ways he resembles Mr. Van Wyck Brooks; like him, he has plumped for America and regards expatriates with some severity, and again like Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, he is not quite a literary critic. He is concerned in isolating and analysing certain fundamental assumptions of American thought and action, in particular what he calls "social Darwinism" and the notion of race-superiority. One sometimes gets the impression that his subjects don't stand much chance against him. He rather tackles them as though cracking a recalcitrant safe: if he can't force it with the cold chisel of sociological analysis he has a very fine blowlamp borrowed from the depth-psychologists. But what he reveals is worth the trouble he's gone to. He very skilfully exposes the confusions underlying the fiction of Norris and Jack London, confusions arising from a misinterpretation of Darwinism that go far to explain their initial success since they chimed with some of the most carefully cherished of American notions about American society. Mr. Geismar is especially successful in showing the carry-over of these confusions in later novelists like Hemingway and Fitzgerald. His hero is Dreiser, but for English readers the most interesting essay will probably be that on the relatively unfamiliar but singularly attractive Ellen Glasgow. One looks forward now, with a certain pleasurable trepidation, to his next volume, which will deal with, among others, James and Edith Wharton.

WALTER ALLEN

MAKING OLD BONES LIVE

The Interpretation of Music. By THURSTON DART. *Hutchinson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Until recently England lagged hopelessly behind Germany, America and France in musicology. In academic circles here it was regarded as faintly ungentlemanly to apply to musical history the exact techniques of scholarship, and such good work as was done was almost always marred to some extent by amateurishness and insularity. Yet at the same time practical interest in old music was probably more widespread here than anywhere else. Madrigal singing flourished: church music of the sixteenth and seventeeth centuries found a secure place in the Anglican service. Now at last we seem able to combine real scholarship with enthusiasm, and in Mr. Dart's book both are present in the highest degree.

It deals with the problems involved in performing old music as it was intended to be performed—a matter of more than theoretical interest in a country with a Third Programme. The difficulties are enormous. Musical notation only indicates sounds as a map indicates a countryside, and at almost all periods its conventional signs have been quite inadequate. To amplify the indications given by the notes we have to consult and digest innumerable, often conflicting, sources of information: pictures, treatises, prefaces, account-books, chronicles, all tell their fragmentary stories. Mr. Dart's achievement is to have combined these into a convincing and (almost more important) a readable whole. This he sensibly presents in reverse chronological order, not as a historical development, but as an extension of our own small area of familiar acquaintance. But first he devotes chapters to some general problems—the technique of editing, sonorities and extemporisation. The chapter on sonorities should be recommended reading for every amateur musician; compulsory for every professional. Not until audiences realise that almost all present-day performances of music written before 1780 are distortions, by turns grotesque and luscious, of the composers' intentions, will there be much improvement; much the same effort is involved in recapturing a past age's vocabulary of sonorities as in acquiring a new one, so that a little antiquarian endeavour might lead paradoxically to a greater appreciation of contemporary music. As for extemporisation, the gradually decreasing part it has played in Western European music is a fascinating subject. It deserves—has in fact received—studies longer than this whole book, but Mr. Dart's combination of sensitivity, accuracy and experience would be hard to equal. His answer to the problem of reproducing past conventions of extemporisation is that we must learn how to extemporise genuinely, or else admit our limitations and leave it alone. So much for the written-out cadenza, which always sounds about five times as long as it really is. Mr. Dart's book, on the other hand, might be compared to a successful improvisation, for it leaves one wishing that it had been much longer.

JEREMY NOBLE

NEW NOVELS

An Impossible Marriage. By PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

African Diversions. By ERNST JUENGER. *Lehmann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Soldier Adrift. By L. STENI. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A cartoonist given the unlikely commission of portraying the modern English novelist might, after due thought, draw the figure of a shuffling, self-effacing waiter. You would see evasiveness in his mode of service and would suspect arrogance in his retreating back. Should he pause to recommend, he would do this in a nervous, stilted, apologetic way, and you would be made to feel that he would have preferred to hurry off. "I am no major-domo," he would be indicating, "and this dish is nothing special. It is up to you, whether you like it."

Yet there have been major-domos in the English novel, of whom Dickens was only the greatest, and they were of a tradition that was not discredited until after the 1914–18 war. Miss Hansford Johnson vigorously reasserts it. In her title, *An Impossible Marriage*, she tells you what you are going to receive, and thereafter is continually at your side, explaining and embellishing, in case some beauty should be missed.

> "You know I like you, don't you, Chris? You know that what I'm saying's really for the best?"
>
> "Things that are for the best always mean the worst for somebody," I said, and was astonished by my own epigram.

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From that short passage, how many novelists would have struck out the last seven words? Yet the effect of them is delightful; and Miss Johnson creates equally successful effects, by the same method, in passages of serious emotion. For instance, she makes her heroine, Christine, tell how Ned, the "impossible" husband, "put his head on my shoulder and began to cry." And this is not only a matter of how Christine felt, but also of how Miss Johnson's readers, of whatever sex and culture, ought to feel about a man crying. Miss Johnson tells them. She does it very well.

To risk such a method today you have got to be able. This author's special ability is a buoyant sense of situation. Her period here is the no-man's-land between the Twenties and Thirties, and a particular pocket of that territory: not the Bright Young Things, but the Nice Young Things. The BYTs had parents who had already despaired, but the NYTs were still growled at—"You young people want everything your own way," and "You young people think you can break marriages as easily as breaking teacups"—when, primly and dimly, they edged towards emancipation. Miss Johnson has a set of them, middle-class and moderately impoverished, in Clapham; the "blind date" their novelty, the Charleston their mania, the ukulele their fashion. This is all tremendously real; and the hierarchic travel-agency office in which Christine works as "Junior" is not less real.

Miss Johnson fails to check in herself a suave prodigality of style that was one cause of the revolt against the major-domo succession. She has "jewelled pincers" (of Outer London), "a moment of drenching terror and joy" (love), "the lightning-edged scarlet of pain" (pain). Often she lingers when she *ought* to hurry away. This is only a sort of carelessness. Yet it has allowed her to end this carrying and vital novel on a commonplace note. Christine has a new husband, and is happy. That is all right. But the language in which Miss Johnson makes Christine describe her good fortune is so careless—"blobby," I kept thinking—as to produce a commonplace and smug effect, that seems to ask for a closer type, a narrower column, and a shinier page.

Duckworth Books

The Poetry of Shakespeare's Plays

by F. E. HALLIDAY

The sublimest quality of Shakespeare's genius is his poetry—the greatest poetry ever written in English, perhaps in any language. Shakespeare is so far above all others as dramatist and creator of character because he is so far above all others as poet. A proper æsthetic criticism of Shakespeare's plays must therefore begin with an examination of the poetry—a matter too much neglected in most modern appreciations.

In a long introduction and five chapters corresponding to Shakespeare's five main working periods the author considers the development of the three main contrapuntal elements in the poetry: the words themselves, the rhythmical relationship of the words, and that use of metaphor and imagery which is the most subtle intimation of Shakespeare's individuality and genius. Even those who think they know their Shakespeare text really well will find new moments of vision and enlightenment awaiting them in this book.

Mr. Halliday's two reference books, *Shakespeare and His Critics* (1949) and *A Shakespeare Companion* (1952) have already established themselves. This book is the third, and the most original, of his trilogy.

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African Diversions is meagre but fascinating. The limpid and distinguished prose of Ernst Juenger has been sweetly translated by Mr. Stuart Hood. The story is a concentrated expression of the German talent for digging closely about and into one theme, remorselessly, until it has been dragged out by the roots. A young man longs to "escape"; he does not realize that escape is an illusion; he cuts adrift from humdrum school and home, treks into France, joins the Foreign Legion (having thrown away his last fifty francs in case he should be tempted back), and is drafted to Africa. At every point he annotates the finds of this experience. In Metz, for instance, he notes that "those who have left the well-trodden ways feel themselves drawn by dark and dubious spots; thus the work of the police is made easier." True, of course—and only German spadework would have turned up that stone. In the Legion barracks in Marseilles (brilliantly pictured) the "unusual blue eyes" of a fellow-legionary attract him; there are, he notes, "blue eyes of a deep imperious power." There are indeed, and we know who have them.

A few weeks in Sidi-bel-Abbès (also trenchantly pictured) suffice to disillusion the escaper, and when his father writes that he has fixed things so that he can be discharged and come home to finish his education, he is content to call the adventure off. In humourless maturity he realizes that Africa itself had disappointed. A "wild, virgin bush," seen by night, had changed into a "field of artichokes" by day, and there had also been this:

> I was not particularly surprised when far below me I saw wonderful shells shimmering—shells such as you see only in dreams, a whole bed of shells spread in changing, self-lit colours against the blue background. I rushed eagerly towards them; but when I reached the spot the sparkling treasure turned into a heap of glowing coal.

Pretty thin—the truth being that Herr Juenger has not pulled this subject of escape out by its roots (which are large roots), he has only pretended to. He seems suddenly to have tired and turned it off. That point about the police may have worried him. He has left us with an incomplete, although forcefully intelligent, excavation.

With *Soldier Adrift* we acquiesce once more in the mask of shuffling evasion. Twenty-five years of self-conscious English fiction have gone to the making of Doctor Rice, S.M.O. of a troopship bringing back a heavy human transport from the East and from the war, and no more non-committal, elliptic, unheroic "hero" has ever emerged from that workshop. It is odd that Mr. Steni should have made do with such a convention; his real bent, partly smothered by it, is that of a powerful exotic. As soon as he starts describing Eastern atmosphere and colour he forgets utterly the curt, sawn-off stoicism of his "Doc." He slows down to allow a yeasty saturation that sucks every fibre into itself. He holds the gorgeous East in fee with canvases that are unforgettable, of Bombay especially; and he can convey emotions of anonymity and desolation with attendant power. In Bombay Doctor Rice has to tell three soldiers, thinking only of getting home, that they are too ill and must stay behind in hospital.

> They received it submissively, their mouths drooping like disappointed children.
>
> "It's hard, I know," he said, "but it won't be for long. You'll be out again very soon, and then they'll put you on the next ship that leaves for England."
>
> But supposing that it was for long, was for ever perhaps? They might die there, far from home, under the cool sandstone arcades, watching, with dimming eyes, the crows flutter down from the tall mango trees, and hear only their desolate cawing and the remote miauling of Oriental song.

In the wash of all this is the story of a man, Rice, with a respect for facts and a sense of responsibility confronted, at a moment when these are critically necessary and when he himself has almost ceased to believe in them, with the violently resistant opportunism of others; a theme worthy of a novelist's powers, which would have come home here if treated as individually as the scenery. It falls short. But Mr. Steni's adagios deserve to be read.

GILES ROMILLY

THE LEARNED HUMAN HEART

Héloise and Abélard. By ETIENNE GILSON. *Hollis & Carter.* 16*s.*

Professor Gilson is by far the most formidable of the neo-medievalists—as one may label those Catholic writers who from strongholds in the Universities of Toronto and Paris, using a barrage of heavy scholarship, batter in the crumbling facade of the traditional conception of the Renaissance and rescue from behind it the long-obscured civilised values of the Middle Ages. Here, in a thorough overhaul of the correspondence between Héloise and Abélard (the authenticity of which he affirms) Professor Gilson does indeed make large holes in the synthesis and definition of Renaissance propagated by Michelet and Jacob Burckhardt. When in fact, he asks, was autobiography invented? When did Roman literature return as a moral power?

With these and other such questions in mind the Professor has scrutinised minutely Abélard's autobiographical *Historia calamitatum.* He points out that Héloise, intensely re-living antiquity, took the veil murmuring some verses of the poet Lucan. As Abélard put it in this document,

> The lament of Cornelia escaped as best it could from her lips: "Illustrious spouse, for whom my bed was unworthy, what rights did destiny possess over your noble head? How great was my sin in marrying you if I was to make you so miserable? Accept this day my expiation, for it is of my own accord that I offer it." Saying these words [from the *Pharsalia*] Héloise rushed towards the altar, accepted unflinchingly the veil blessed by the bishop and consecrated herself publicly to the religious life.

Already, therefore, in the twelfth century secular classical poetry studied in the cloister was being transmuted into moral action. Nor is Héloise's citing of Lucan here an isolated instance of her fondness for that poet and stoical dogma in general. When Abélard wrote to Héloise requesting her to pray for him after his death she retorted by quoting Seneca's advice to Lucilius that one should live only in the present, and Lucan's plea in his poem that whatever is in store may come without warning. This leads Professor Gilson to suggest with clever insight that in Héloise's later life the *Pharsalia* encouraged her to the deliberate nursing of grief that Lucan noted in his heroine. In her first letters, moving as they are, like Pompey's wife she "clasps closely the sorrow which consumes her."

With such thrusts Professor Gilson ruthlessly tears away the tissue of seven centuries of legend to lay bare Héloise's deepest motives. How cheaply, how sentimentally the romancers and novelists have represented her! Especially when they come to her heroic attempt—so strange does it seem—to dissuade Abélard from marrying her when she became with child. Even Miss Helen Waddell, who does include here a learned motive, puts the emphasis on her concern for Abélard's career: "It is the end of any great place for him," she sighs. But, once again, she was in fact most influenced by what she had studied; learning was indeed much more intrinsically part of her moral consciousness than in any Renaissance woman, and the Professor is, in my view, right when he claims that the real force of her arguments at this crisis was that, " so long as Abélard was free he could still become if not a St. Jerome at least a Seneca ; but in marrying he was cutting himself off from the heroes of the spiritual life." His analysis indeed at last restores Héloise to the eminence of the great human being she really was. Her tragedy began where most writers break off the story, when as Head of the nunnery of the Paraclete she was leading the most impossibly rending double existence, having paradoxically and cruelly to find in her passion for Abélard the strength to renounce it for her life of sacrifice.

This short book, the offshoot of a course of lectures on the medieval origins of humanism, offers a good deal more than its startling insistence on the literature behind the mystery of Héloise's motives ; it is indeed full of information and revelation about the working of the great closed spiritual society to which she belonged.

ANTHONY CURTIS

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Truth about Dartmoor. By GEORGE DENDRICKSON and FREDERICK THOMAS. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Two ex-convicts purport to tell the horrid truth about what goes on inside the prison in suspiciously articulate prose. And suspicion of their literary style may well extend to misgivings about the nasty facts they are so eager to expose : a harsh governor, brutal warders, bribery and corruption, insufficient food, insanitary conditions, all combining to inflict continuous agony upon the unfortunate inmates. But on their own showing their experience seems to have been beneficial. So far as law-abiding society is concerned they have spent the best years of their adult lives in this hell upon earth—at some personal inconvenience, it is true—for their time there has at last convinced them that crime, if it means Dartmoor, does not pay ; and has determined them to give up burglary and armed robbery for the future. It is somewhat ironical that a book, specially written to show up the beastly degradation of our most famous prison, should thus testify unwittingly to its practical efficacy. So the logical conclusion turns out to be the exact opposite of what the joint authors intended.

This book should not be taken too seriously as a source of information. Some of the grisly facts given are no doubt true, but one cannot always tell which. If one believed that "for every homosexual who goes in two come out," most of the cosh boys would be pansies by now and in a different business. But the authors throw some revealing light on criminals' attitude to " the tax-payers," as they call us. When caught they don't regard themselves as deserving of punishment, but as casualties in their aggressive war on society ; and they demand the same treatment as prisoners of war. They do not apparently realise that in that case they need hardly expect release until the war is at an end : and they provide a cogent argument for the indeterminate sentence which they all dread.

The Shakespearean Moment. By PATRICK CRUTTWELL. *Chatto & Windus.* 18*s.*

The proposal that we should all be New Elizabethans appears not greatly to have commended itself, so far, in those academic retreats from which so much of our literary criticism is projected nowadays. Mr. Cruttwell, who lectures at the University College of the South-West in Exeter, remains decidedly a not-so-new Jacobean; and his book is a well-informed and judicious contribution to that interpretation of Shakespeare which would place him—broadly speaking—in the School of Donne. The last years of Gloriana's reign witnessed a pervasive disenchantment in her Fairyland; her knights, tired of riding out in defence of holiness, temperance, chastity, friendship, justice and courtesy, turn sedentary, critical, introspective and inclined to gloom; the result is a poetry more variously and subtly mooded than before, and of a broader and deeper appeal to the modern mind. Shakespeare's Sonnets—Mr. Cruttwell maintains in an able and persuasive chapter—epitomise the change. Belonging in their inception to the older lyrical and ideal mode, and employing as their medium a form closely associated with that mode's efflorescence, they move forward to meet, explore and expand the incoming world of feeling, and brilliantly adapt to this new purpose the traditional mould in which they began.

Mr. Cruttwell's title, if it be more than a modish way of designating the decade or thereabouts of Shakespeare's highest productivity, would appear to bear some such implication as this: that *just then*, and on account of things having been *so* and *thus*, was it possible for Shakespeare to have realised the potentialities we term Shakespearean. The large truth of this, advanced today in so many studies not unlike the present, is something for which we can be grateful to fully equipped historical scholarship. Yet it is difficult not to feel that part of the substance of literature is slipping through the mesh of such investigations, and that criticism more innocent and absolute—perhaps more Elizabethan—still has its part to play in informing literary taste. One may feel too, as one lays down this capable book, that the earlier seventeenth century has had a long innings, and that the learned in their libraries might try some of the other shelves. By such enterprise (as a sixteenth-century poet said) many rich regions are discovered.

The Nation and the Navy. By CHRISTOPHER LLOYD. *Cresset.* 18*s.*

Naval history, as Mr. Lloyd remarks in his preface, is usually left to the " battle and the breeze " school of writers and " the small but enthusiastic band of naval archæologists." This book is at once more serious and more readable than the product of either school. It is written with the light touch of a considerable scholar who, complete master of his subject, can view it in perspective and use his illustrative detail with skill. The company of so pleasant a companion makes light of a journey which otherwise might be—and in the past has been—very tedious indeed ; and it is only on second reading that one realises what a vast amount of ground Mr. Lloyd has been able, in 300 pages, to cover. Naval policy is for him only one aspect of a field in which shipbuilding and navigation techniques, armaments, tactics and strategy, admiralty organisation, recruiting of officers and men, uniform and supply and the whole nature of life at sea for five hundred years past claim, and receive, equal attention—and all this in a narrative which, miraculously, never gives the impression of being crowded. It is hard to imagine a better introduction to naval history, either for the prospective specialist or for the casual reader. If the book has a weakness, it is in the execution of the task which the author bravely set himself, to integrate naval with national history. That can hardly be achieved on this scale until a great deal more work has been done by scholars of the stamp of Mr. Ehrman on the political and parliamentary aspects of naval administration and policy. Those largely uncharted regions, from ship-money to the Budgets of Harcourt and Lloyd George, need to be explored and civilised by pioneers before they can be considered safe for conducted tours.

Sir Isaac Newton. By E. N. DA C. ANDRADE. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

In this addition to Collins's series of " Brief Lives," Professor Andrade has repeated the elegant experiment in biographical condensation that he first made in 1950. Four years have hardly altered his views, but the revised version has gained in clarity of presentation. The reader is first introduced to " Science before Newton "; here and throughout Professor Andrade's natural tendency to blacken the background of his shining hero is never allowed to get the better of his historical accuracy : everywhere he demonstrates how Newton's superiority went hand in hand with the scientific achievements of his contemporaries. The account of Newton's life is economical and attractive ; the famous anecdotes are joined with broad historical knowledge to give a living picture of the man.

Newton's importance, however, lies in his intellectual achievement, not in his fascinating character. Professor Andrade expounds the nature and the meaning of this achievement with admirable lucidity. His simplifications emphasise the apparently elementary nature of the great discoveries ; but he is careful to stress the extraordinary powers of calculation, the experimental skill, the scientific " flair," and the sheer capacity for concentrated thought, which were the necessary conditions of greatness. He points out the revolutionary effects of Newton's work, and some of its apparent coincidences with the findings of modern research. Newton's own view of science, as an absolute, but strictly limited, branch of knowledge is set off against a glimpse of his prolonged researches into ancient chronology and into alchemy.

Two Stories. By JANET TREVELYAN. *Longmans.* 21*s.*

Mrs. Trevelyan's first story was written forty years ago : it is about her son Theo who died as a child. His five years are covered in loving and almost anguished detail : the looks, the sayings, the mild naughtinesses, the little games, the holidays, the visits to grandparents. It is all so intimate and domestic that it is with a shock we realise that this miniature of a child has its place in a whole gallery of familiar faces—that old Aunt Fan at Fox Howe is Dr. Arnold's youngest daughter, that the visiting baby is a young Garibaldi. Henry James inspects prams, Yeats joins a Zoo party, and G. M. Trevelyan appears throughout—now reciting *Horatius*, now telling his little boy about Alfred and the Cakes.

Country holidays had been a large part of Theo's life ; after his death his mother found herself plunging more and more deeply into the life of London children who had had no Robin Ghyll or Wallington to visit. So the second story began—with children's care committees, the play centres originally started by Mrs. Trevelyan's mother, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and finally the protracted, eventful, and triumphant battle for the Foundling Site. A child has been lost, the loss wounds for life—but also inspires the energy which has secured, for thousands of other children, play, security and happiness.

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SATISFACTORY EXPORT PRICES

THE annual general meeting of John Summers & Sons, Limited, was held on 26th March at Hawarden Bridge Steelworks, Shotton, Chester, Mr. Richard F. Summers, chairman of the company, presiding.

The following is the report of the directors circulated to stockholders:—

The Directors have pleasure in submitting their Annual Report together with the Audited Accounts of the Company for the 53 weeks ended 3rd October, 1953.

Development Scheme at Shotton Works

During the year further large units of plant covered by the first stage of the development scheme at the Shotton Works were completed and brought into production, and construction of the further plant included in the second stage is proceeding.

Expenditure during the year amounted to £3,905,741, giving a total expenditure to date of £17,648,374. Of this total £16,592,011, representing the expenditure on plant now in production, is included under the main heading of Fixed Plant and Machinery, and the balance £1,056,363 is retained under the heading "Development Scheme."

Realisation of Colliery Assets

During the year final agreement was reached regarding the compensation value of the Colliery Assets which passed from certain of the Subsidiary Companies to the Coal Board on 1st January, 1947. The total surplus over the book value at the date of take over, £559,426, is shown as a separate item in the Considated Balance Sheet. Certain other matters in connection with the collieries have still to be finally settled and it is anticipated that this surplus should be increased during the current year by at least a further £100,000.

Debenture Stock

The first operation of the Sinking Fund covering the redemption of this Stock was effected by the surrender on 15th June of £80,000 Stock held by the Company. This Stock was cancelled and is not reissuable. The Company is continuing its policy of purchasing such of the Stock as is offered from time to time on the Stock Exchange to meet future annual operations of the Sinking Fund.

Profit And Loss Account

The year has seen the coming into operation of the majority of the new plant at the Shotton Works and it could not be expected that these large units of plant—coke ovens, blast furnace and steel melting shop—would show satisfactory results during the running-in period while experience was being acquired and there were the inevitable teething troubles. This has resulted in a reduction in the Trading Profit of the parent Company compared with that of the previous year. By the end of the year, however, substantial progress had been made and production is now on a more satisfactory basis.

Despite the fact that the new plant did not contribute in any material way to the profits of the year full provision was made for depreciation from the dates the various units came into operation.

During the year export of the Company's products was still subject to control but satisfactory prices were obtained for the tonnage actually sold in the export market.

Depreciation and Taxation

A further £147,095 has been transferred to the Amount set aside for Equalisation of Taxation, the balance at the credit of which is now £2,300,000 in the parent Company and £2,383,378 for the whole Group. The methods adopted in preparing the accounts of the Company as regards provision for Depreciation and maintenance of certain items of plant, including relining of furnaces, etc., differ from those employed in computing the profits for taxation purposes, and it is proposed to use this special reserve to equalise the effect of these differences and so ensure that the taxation charged in any year's profit and loss account will bear a more direct relation to the profits of that year than would otherwise be the case.

The half-yearly dividend on the 4½ per cent. Cumulative Preference Stock has been paid on the due dates; an interim dividend of 3 per cent. was paid on the Ordinary Stock on 1st April and provision has been made for a final dividend of 5½ per cent., making a total dividend for the year of 8½ per cent., the same rate as has been paid for a number of years.

The only other appropriation recommended by the Directors is a transfer of £75,000 to Debenture Redemption Reserve, leaving £165,921 at the credit of Profit and Loss Account to be carried forward to next year.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted and the dividends as recommended were approved.

The retiring directors, Mr. H. C. Irvine, M.B.E., Mr. Melvyn H. Rollason, Mr. J. Ivan Spens, O.B.E., C.A., Mr. Anthony B. Stobart and Mr. G. Spencer Summers, M.P., were re-elected and, the remuneration of the auditors, Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths & Co., was fixed for the current year.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,258

Set by Arthur Marshall

Doubtful about the pleasures of a week-end for which you are bound, you leave behind you a telegram to be despatched to yourself if you telephone an urgent request for it. Competitors are invited to draft a telegram (limit 30 words) which would make their hosts anxious to be rid of them at the earliest possible moment. Entries by April 13.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,255

Set by Thomas Tusher

"The public lounges are empty and licensed foreign addicts morosely sip their *pegs* in a permit room behind the kitchen." So *The Times* Delhi correspondent wrote recently of Prohibitionist India. The usual prizes are offered for part of a Kipling ballad on this theme.

Report by Thomas Tusher

It's now somewhere west of Suez that a man can raise a thirst with any hope of doing anything about it—such was the conclusion drawn with more or less skill by a number of contributors. Kipling rhythms were well caught, and there were some authentic echoes:

They have thrown away the tankards, they have barred the cellar up,
They have trampled power and glory in the mud
(D. W. Barker)

When Omar shot 'is blooming line
He gave 'is favours wide and free,
And if 'is belly wanted wine,
'E swilled it in—the same as me!
(Jim Parrott)

Oh, East is East and West is West, and it's firm the dividing line,
For the Indians have gained their freedom, except in the matter of wine;
So the public lounges are empty, and the dust collects on the shelves,
And the Gods of the Copybook Headings are smiling to themselves.
(L. W. Bailey)

Comparatively few, however, succeeded in reaching the pitch of intensity which such a theme, with its political and religious implications, would surely have provoked in Kipling. Allan M. Laing injected real bitterness into his:—

We are dispossessed by a mob unblest
  And the suns of Empire shrink,
If thirsts's the reward of humility,
  Lord God, we have earned a drink!

and Jean Stubbs hit the right note with her:

For heathen minds put not their trust
In tongues made liquor-free.
The Public Lounge is left to dust—
We sip our pegs and think of Thee.

All these receive honourable mention, as do James Elliott, A. M. Sayers, Pibwob, J. P. Stevenson, H. A. C. Evans. First prize of three guineas to Alberick; a guinea each to Lakon, Elaine Morgan and J. E. M. Lucie-Smith.

Six Viceroys have I served, I have poured champagne for kings,
The Household, rank upon rank, I have drilled in the fitness of things;
I have jealously guarded secrets overheard when Great Ones, flown
With wine, unadvisedly spake such words as might shatter a throne.
(Our Lady of Fatima, succour me!)

Five generations from Lisbon, where the blood in their veins is wine,
To the beaches of Marmagao, to the Ind that by birth is mine,
Mine by the right of service, by the gift of heart and mind;

I have kept the Faith of my fathers, but my life with hers is twined.
(*Saint Rose of Lima, intercede for me!*)

Torn into fragments by heathen frenzy and Moslem hate
In freedom's name she has plunged to the depths from her high estate.
In a shabby crespuscular gloom where the western stranger hides
I, Pedro, must bring him his *peg*; yet the marvel of Ind abides.
(*Ah, Peter at the Gate, be kind to me!*)

ALBERICK

The *grozny* line runs down through Alex;
East of Suez you still raise a thirst
From Aden to Changi's hard going
But Bombay-Calcutta's the worst.
There's no pub, there's no club, there's no grog with your grub,
There isn't even a bar.
If you're wanting a drink, there's a room by the sink
Through the kitchen behind the *bazaar*.

They have taken the Raj's Dominion,
The Grand, and the Taj Mahal;
They are bearing the White Man's Burden
On *roti*, *pani* and *dhal*.
But there's gin and there's pink in the room by the sink,
And the White Man can drink to his doom
With the Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady
In the private permit room.

LAKON

We made no moan when the Flag came down,
We uttered no bootless cries,
But we bowed our necks to the People's will,
Who are many and—doubtless—wise.
So we bided, and built, and bartered,
And looked for the blow to fall,
Till the dooms they struck as we foretold—
Yea, all—and more than all!
Chorus: We must go - go - go away from here,
Back to England—back to freedom—back to beer!
Run amok—and we'll not fly;
But when your ruddy land runs DRY—
Then the Call has come. God send our road is clear!

ELAINE MORGAN

We paid for his sickest fancies; we humoured his crackedest whim;
We even got out to please him, now we've got to listen to him!
It's the "foreign addict" speaking? Nehru told you? He lied.
The *pukka sahib's* entered, and taken his drink inside.
You may send him behind the kitchen, but a man doesn't mind where he sits;
He's the one who sticks to the Service, when the snob and the shirker quits,
And his *peg* of whisky and soda, though drunk in a permit room,
Will never be "sipped morosely," from now to the Day of Doom . . .

J. E. M. LUCIE-SMITH

CHESS: The Arch-Sacrificer

No. 235

Even if he had not written a book about it (most usefully cataloguing the various types of sacrifice) Rudolf Spielmann would, for ever, be remembered as the one modern master who combined up-to-date erudition with that unquenchable thirst for sacrificial complications which the more ancient masters (unburdened by too much book-knowledge and unhampered by too much prowess on the other side of the board), could indulge with such delightful abandon. Did I call Spielmann "modern" and "up-to-date"? Well, but for his untimely death more than a decade ago, he would be just seventy one of these days. Time to remember him before he too appears to be one of the ancients. As for Spielmann's own sacrificial orgies there is truly an *embarras de richesse*. I will pass up the one against Rubinstein (1912), Hönlinger (1929) and others to be found in most anthologies. Here—Spielmann-Walter, Teplitz 1928—is one, not so well known.

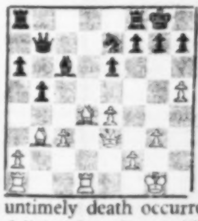
(1)	P-K4	P-QB3	(11)	Kt-K5	B-Q2
(2)	Kt-QB3	P-Q4	(12)	Kt-B7	Q-K1
(3)	Kt-B3	Kt-B3	(13)	Q-K5 ch	K-Kt2
(4)	P-K5	Kt-K5	(14)	B-KB4!	P-B5
(5)	Q-K2	Kt x Kt	(15)	Q-B7 ch	K-R3
(6)	QP x Kt	P-QKt3	(16)	Kt-Q8!	Kt-B3
(7)	Kt-Q4	P-QB4?	(17)	Q-Kt7 ch	K-Kt4
(8)	P-K6!	P x P	(18)	P-R4 ch	K-B4
(9)	Q-R5 ch	K-Q2	(19)	Q x Kt ch!	B x Q
(10)	Kt-B3	K-B2	(20)	Kt x P mate	

Obviously, (8) . . . P x Kt would have been countered by (9) Q-Kt5 ch, Kt-Q2; (10) Q x QP! etc. Here—Spielmann-Tartakower, Munich, 1909—is another game not too well known; it is remarkable for one of those "positional" sacrifices so frequently adopted by Spielmann; watch his 13th move and the dividend garnered ten moves later.

(1)	P-K4	P-QB3	(9)	Q-K2!	O-O
(2)	P-Q4	P-Q4	(10)	O-O-O	Kt-Q4?
(3)	Kt-QB3	P x P	(11)	Q-R5	Kt-B3
(4)	Kt x P	Kt-B3	(12)	Q-R4	B-KKt5
(5)	Kt-Kt3	P-K4	(13)	B-Q3!	B x R
(6)	Kt-B3	P x P	(14)	R x B	QKt-Q2
(7)	Kt x P	B-QB4	(15)	Kt(3)-B5	Kt-K4?
(8)	B-K3	Q-Kt3	(16)	Kt x KtP!	Q-Q1
(17)	Kt(7)-B5	Kt-Kt3	(20)	P x B	Q-B3
(18)	Q-R6	Kt-K1	(21)	Kt-Kt5	Q-R1
(19)	Kt-B3!	B x B ch	(22)	Kt-K7 ch	resigns

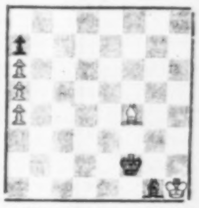
Had Black accepted the Kt on his 16th move the sequel would have been (17) Q-Kt5 ch, Kt-Kt3; (18) Kt-B5 ch, K-Kt1; (19) Q x Kt, etc.

A: R. Spielmann
1929

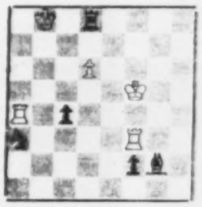


For the 4-pointer this week, pride of place belongs to a game-position achieved by Spielmann; how did he force Black's resignation in a matter of 3 moves? And since we are honouring the dead, both **B**—White to win—and **C**—White to draw—are to pay due homage to the great Russian composer whose untimely death occurred early this year. These two delightful studies, neither of them quite easy, rate the customary 6 and 7 ladder-points.

B: M. S. Liburkin
1934



C: M. S. Liburkin
1930



Usual prizes. Entries by April 12.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set March 13

A: (1) Q x P ch etc.

B: (1) Kt-Q4 ch, K-Q6, (2) Kt-K6, R-B3! (3) Kt-B5 ch, K-B5, (4) Kt-Q7, R-Q3, (5) Kt-Kt6 ch, K-Kt4, (6) Kt-B8, R-Q1, (7) Kt-R7 ch, K-R3, (8) K x B, R-R1 ch, (9) K-Kt2, R-Kt1 ch, (10) K-B1, R x B ch, (11) K x R, K x Kt, (12) K-B2 etc.

C: (1) P-Kt6, P x P, (2) B-Q4!!, P-B7, (3) B-R8!, K-K3, (4) Kt-Q4 ch, K any, (5) Kt x KtP, etc.

if (1) . . . K x P, (2) Kt-K5 ch, K-B4, (3) Kt-Q3, P-R5! (4) B-Q4, P-B7! (5), Kt-B1!, K-K3!, (6) K-Kt4, K-Q4, (7) B-B6, K-B5, (8) K x P, P-R6! (9) K-K3, P-R7, (10) Kt x RP, P x Kt, (11) P-Kt3 ch, K x P, (12) K-Q2, P queens, (13) B x Q, K-R7, (14) K x P!, K x B, (15) K-Kt3, K-Kt8, (16) P-B4! and wins.

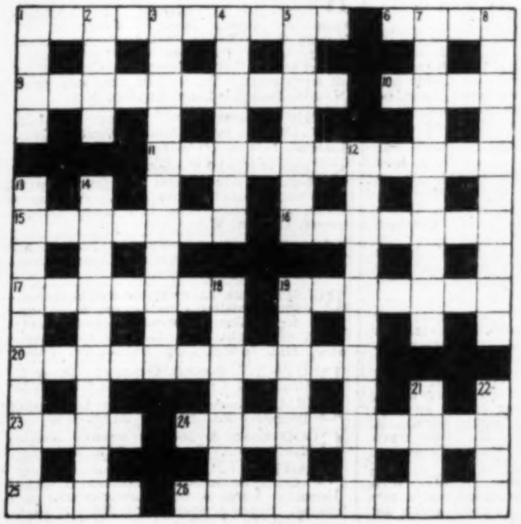
(16) K x P? would merely draw; and so would (in the first variation), (2) Kt-Q4 ch.

Quite a few competitors got **B** (which was tough enough) and were stumped by merely one of the variations in **C** undoubtedly one of the most difficult studies ever offered in this column. When first published in a *Schach-Echo* competition it found only one solver; well, we've got three, D. E. Cohen, J. R. Harman, C. Sandberg; they share the glory and the prizes. *Non-Londoners' 20th move Q-B1 Londoners' 20th due by April* 7.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 94

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 94, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on April 13



ACROSS

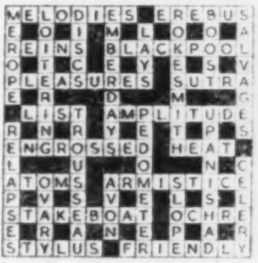
1. The boss may be found among the old women, a deadly sight (10).
6. River sand-hills (4).
9. They are used in bed to tangle the hair (10).
10. The slipper is in a capital place (4).
11. There is nothing left after the ear I bit in pieces in the hotel in a drunken state (11).
15. You get your money back but have less change for fish (7).
16. The way to fight; Western defence is the initial requirement (7).
17. It is inflammable, but seems to suggest you are on fire (7).
19. A great thinker on a military formation (7).
20. The nationalised railways fall slightly short of this dignity (11).
23. A word about a particle (4).
24. The case for the prosecution? (10).
25. Two military bodies form an agency (4).
26. Snaky remarks have a snaky start (10).

DOWN

1. Invitation to stay at my address (4).
2. Supporter of the people in Scotland (4).
3. Place of address for the court ball (11).
4. What goes with poverty, according to Sam Weller (7).
5. Surprise shower on the face (7).
7. Put up a distance in a mountain, it cuts out (10).
8. Not new, but it provides evidence that only a short time has passed (10).
12. God and Harry come in the tunes for officers (11).
13. Powerless the devil is in America over the New Testament (10).
14. Agents in the underground movement (10).
18. Differently produced scene 6 shows feeling (7).
19. "Not —— to dictate, but broiled fowl and mushrooms—capital thing!" (7).
21. A strong man once upon a time turned up in Latin (4).
22. Border county? (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 92



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 92

Betty Fisher (East Croydon), Mrs. M. K. Eite (Carlisle), Miss P. Rowe (Pulborough).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

THE Council of Industrial Design. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Officer (one of three reporting to the Director). Some experience of industrial design problems. University education, journalistic and administrative experience, ability to write and lecture. Starting salary £1,600-£1,850 according to qualifications rising to £1,950. Contributory Pension Scheme. For further information and application form write to Establishment Officer, Council of Industrial Design, Tilbury House, Petty France, London, S.W.1.

B.B.C. requires Outside Broadcasts Producer, North Region. The base is in Manchester but extensive travelling is involved in north of England and occasionally elsewhere. The post is primarily organisational and the holder will be the senior O.B. Producer in North Region with responsibility to Head of Programmes for smooth running of department, maintaining good relations with wide diversity of outside contacts and liaison with Region's Televison Department. Overall knowledge of sporting and entertainment interests in North of England and acceptable microphone voice are essential and applicants should preferably have proved ability in one or more of following branches of broadcast commentary work: church services, ceremonial occasions, "built" O.B's. (e.g. broadcasts from theatres, etc.). Starting salary £1,085 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to maximum £1,465. Initial appointment might be on a lower grade in respect of successful candidate without full experience. Requests for Application Forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "29 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires Overseas Producer in Belfast. Duties concern programmes from Northern Ireland for B.B.C. External Services and from overseas broadcasting organisations for Northern Ireland Home Service and entail programme arrangement and production, selection of speakers and revision of scripts. The Producer will bear full responsibility for some programmes and co-operate with specialist producers on others. Some experience of microphone and of scriptwriting and an interest in the Commonwealth and foreign affairs desirable. Salary £870 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,175 maximum. Requests for Application Forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "117 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires temporary Programme Assistants (male) for Greek Section during summer. Requirements include: thorough knowledge of Greek as mother tongue, ability to translate into Greek English texts on variety of subjects; familiarity with language used in Greek press and radio; comprehensive knowledge of English; interest in present-day political and economic problems; good microphone voice. Journalistic and broadcasting experience an advantage Salary £645 p.a. Requests for Application Forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "125 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Visiting Officer. Applications invited from women for appointment as Visiting Officer in Children's Department. Duties include visiting of Children's Homes, boarding-out, and visits to homes of children who have been, or may need to be, received into care. Candidates should have a university certificate in Child Care, or a diploma or certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. Salary according to qualifications and experience but will not exceed a maximum of £595 a year. Scheme of Conditions of Service for A.P.T. and Clerical Services. Appointment subject to superannuation and satisfactory medical examination. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than April 12. Canvassing forbidden.

IRASCIBLE Director of national engineering firm, also engaged in Local Government and sometime Parliamentary Candidate, requires a Secretary with degree standard education, and able to spell, for work at Head Office in Southern Cathedral city. Box 6893.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists for occasional work on our Emergency Staff. £6 10*s*. 30-hour week. Introductions to permanent posts. Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

A PANEL of Temporary Shorthand and Copy Typists is being enrolled by St. Stephen's Secretariat for work during the Spring & Summer. Long/short periods as desired. All districts. 2 Broad St. Place, Finsbury Circus, or 38 Parliament St., S.W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

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CHILD Welfare Officers. London County Council requires qualified and experienced men and women for temporary (in first instance) engagements as vacancies occur. Salary £531 5*s*. rising to £685. Duties include finding and inspecting foster homes and visiting children placed in them; assisting in finding work and lodgings for young persons in care; statutory after-care supervision. Application forms (stamped addressed foolscap env.) from Children's Officer (CH/A1), County Hall, S.E.1; returnable by April 10.

QUALIFIED Master, single, not over 40, required for general subjects and young Junior Mistress for small group of 7-10 year-olds. Co-educational school in West Country. Box 6372.

HERTFORD C.L.P. invites appl. for full-time sec./agent. Appl. forms from Mr. J. Bennell, "Griff," Foxley Drive, Bishop's Stortford, Herts, to be returned by April 30. Appointment made in consultation with N.E.C.

A MALE Assistant to help with the training of children in need of special care is required in small Rudolf Steiner Home. Devotion to such work and interest in the method essentials. Age under 40. Box 6900.

ISLINGTON Family Planning Clinic. Social Worker, 30-35. Typewriting, simple book-keeping. No Saturdays. Occasional evenings. Interesting work. Salary starting £325 per annum. Box 6984.

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TEMP. Sh./typs.; C/Typs. &c. reqd. for int. wk. High rates of pay. GER. 1069.

ACME Agency for perm. and temp. office jobs. No Fees. 4 Blenheim St., Bond St., W.1 (1st right Oxford St. end). GRO 4577.

MARRIED couple, no children, to live in on comfortable Cotswold farm. Wife as cook-housekeeper, husband general farm worker, able relief machine milk alternate week-ends. Box 6767.

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EARLY holidays in glorious Devon. Strawberries and cream served daily in early season. "Seaview" Guest House adj. famous 3 miles golden sands, also furnished bungalows to let. Vacancies up to July 10. Tel. 44. Write Mrs. Garness, Woolacombe.

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WHERE TO STAY—*continued*

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PERSONAL

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SUNNY, comf. divan-bed-sit., breakfast, 2*gns.* Other meals optional. Modern quiet house, 25 mins. West End. GLA. 7297.

DELIGHTFUL div.-rm. priv. flat. 73*s.* 6*d.* C.h.w., c.h., use k. & b. Bus. pers. only. Refs. BAY. 1533 aft. 5.30. Box 6960.

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NORFOLK Coast, small farmhouse sleeping 8, also bungalow sleeping 5 (all electric), lovely sandy beach, unspoiled rural position. Apply 89 King St., Norwich.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Tues.-Fri., 7.45, Sats. 6 & 8.30. Sun. Club Apr. 4, 7.45, "The Fire-Eaters."

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.) St. Sun. 5 & 8. "The Enchanted." Mems. 10*s.* yrly.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391)—"Timid People." Delightful new comedy of village life in China. Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Adm. 2*s* 6*d.* to 5*s.* 6*d.* Membs. 2*s.* 6*d.* a year.

EMLYN Williams Dickens recital, Sunday, April 11, 7.30, Wyndhams Theatre for members Central Appeal Players. Prices including membership 15*s.* 6*d.*, 13*s.* 6*d.*, 10*s.* 6*d.*, 9*s.*, 7*s.* 6*d.* Applns. before Apr. 7 to Sec., C.A.P., Central School Speech and Drama, Royal Albert Hall, S.W.7. KEN 5803.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until April 4: Clair's "An Italian Straw Hat" (U). From April 5: "The 7 Deadly Sins" (A).

MARBLE Arch Pav. "The Eva Braun & Hitler Story" (U) & "The Island Sinner" (X) 12.10, 2.45, 5.25, 8.5. Sn. 4.30, 7.5.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., April 3, Marlene Dietrich in "Destry Rides Again" (A). 1, 3, 5, 7. Open to public.

T.V.A. Organisation. Special showing of "La Symphonie Pastorale" (A), starring Michele Morgan, National Film Theatre, South Bank, London, S.E.1, April 3, at 9.30 p.m. Doors open 9 p.m.

PEOPLE'S Palace, ADV. 3520. Sun., Apr. 4: "The Imposter" (A) Japan.

PREMIERE 2 Chinese films "Huai River" (Eng. sub-titles), "China Celebrates" (all colour). Mon., April 12, Islington Town Hall, 7.30. Tkts. 1*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.* 6*d.* from Educ. Com., Britain China Friendship Assn., 228 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1, or at door.

FILMS: Edward J. Robinson in "Double Indemnity"; "Brief City"; and "Indonesian Dances," Monday, April 5, 7.45, French Institute, Queensberry Place, S.W.7. Tkts. in adv. only fr. I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. GRO 2569. Mems. 2*s.* 6*d.*, gsts. 3*s.* 6*d.*

"VOLGA-Don Canal." Soviet Colour Documentary. Repeated by request. Tues., Apr. 6, 7.30 p.m. With intro. by architect. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 2*s.* 6*d.* (S.C.R. & students 2*s.*).

SCALA Theatre. Mon., April 5, 7.30. "Harvest," last great colour film of Pudovkin (director of "Mother," "Storm Over Asia"). With "Magic Treasure," colour cartoon. Tkts. 2*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 4*s.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 10*s.* 6*d.*, from Educ. Cttee. British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1 (CLE. 4161), or from Theatre (MUS. 5731).

FILM. Volga-Don Canal with Cartoon and Newsreel. Hampstead Town Hall, Fri., April 9, 8 p.m. Tickets 1*s.* 6*d.* with S.A.E.: Percival, 19 Welbeck Mansions, Inglewood Rd., N.W.6. B.S.F.S. Education Committee.

HAMPSTEAD Labour Party Film Show, Sat., April 3, Stanfield House, Prince Arthur Rd., 8 p.m. Admission free.

PLUS 21 Club. Dancing in an intimate atmosphere to the Debonaires at the Vienna Café, Berkeley Arcade, Baker St. opp. Stn. Sat., April 3, 8-11 p.m. Adm. 4*s.* 6*d.*

LA Cage! Licensed Club, Cellar Bar open daily from 3 p.m. Dancing to Sacha Barnell, Sats. & Suns. Buffet. 137 Finchley Rd., Swiss Cottage, N.W.3. Mem. invited.

CENTRAL London Fabian Socy. Dance, Sat. April 3, Artworkers' Guildhall, 6 Queen Square, W.C.1. 7.30-11. Adm. 3*s.*

INAUGURAL Dance of the Younger People's Section, Technion Society of Great Britain (in support of the Israel Institute of Technology), Sunday, April 4, at the Shaftesbury Hotel, Monmouth Street, W.1 (opp. Cambridge Theatre). Dancing to Nat Temple Orchestra from 7.30 p.m. Donation 12*s.* 6*d.* inc. Buffet Supper. Enqs.: Miss Belmont, 15 Connaught St., W.2. PAD. 8667.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. GRO. 6186. Saturday, April 3, Dancing to De Vere Band 8-11. Members 3*s.*, non-members 5*s.* Membership invited.

CONCERTS

SUNDAY, April 4, Royal Festival Hall at 7.30. Metamorphosen for Strings, Strauss; Clarinet Concerto (1st perf.), John Veale; Overture Belfagor, Respighi; Symphony, Walton. Sidney Fell, Sir Malcolm Sargent, London Symphony Orchestra. 3*s.* 6*d.* to 15*s.* WAT. 3191 & Agents.

ROYAL Festival Hall Recital Room, Sun., April 11, at 7.45. London Czech Trio. Trios by Beethoven (Archduke & posthumous works) & Shostakovich. WAT. 3191.

80TH Concert of French Music, Wigmore Hall, Friday, April 9, at 7.30. Piano Music by Olivier Messiaen played by Yvonne Loriod and the composer. Tickets 10*s.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.* from Hall.

LIES Askonas announces (in association with Wilfrid Van Wyck) The Distinguished Pianist Andor Foldes. Only Recital this Season. Wigmore Hall. Sat., April 3, 7.30. 9*s.*, 6*s.*, 3*s.* at Hall. WEL. 2141/Agts.

SAINT Marylebone Parish Church, W.1. Saturday, April 3, at 3 p.m. Music of the Polyphonic Era. The Lamentations—Tallis. Lessons from Job—Lassus. The Renaissance Singers, Dir.: John Whitworth.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1*s.* post free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Paintings by Pierre Dumont (1884-1936) "Maitre de Rouen." Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes April 10.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Paul Signac (1863-1935): First Exhibition in London. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30. Until April 15.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Pl., W.1. Edward Middleditch: Paintings, Drawings. Peter Kaiser & Franck Vavruska: Paintings.

HOKUSAI. An exhibition of Drawings and Watercolours. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till May 1. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats., 10-6, Tues. and Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Exhibition Victor Passmore Paintings & Constructions 1944-54. Daily 10.30-6, closed Suns. Members free, non-members 1*s.*

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. Barbara Hepworth Retrospective Exhibition: Carvings & Drawings, 1927-1954. Opens Apr. 8: Dly. 11-6. Sun. 2-6. Closed Mons. Free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Works by Peter Lanyon (Awarded Critics' Prize 1954).

THE Matthiesen Gallery: Paintings and drawings by Jankel Adler; daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1, until April 15. 142 New Bond Street, W.1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Paintings by William Nicholson and Desmond, Lord Harmsworth.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, London, W.1. Paintings by Stefan Knapp. Until April 9.

PAUL & Marjorie Abbatt, by courtesy of the Toy Museum, are showing in their windows (94 Wimpole Street, W.1) a unique Exhibition of Playthings from many places and periods.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Recent Paintings by Cathleen Mann. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle Street, Leicester Square. Spring Exhibition. Daily 11-6, including Saturdays.

W. G. GILLIES & John Maxwell and Steinlen. Two Arts Council Exhibitions. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till April 10. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1*s.* (to both exhibitions).

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street. Italian Influence on French, Flemish and Dutch Painting from 1550-1650.

LEICESTER Galleries. Leicester Sq. The Claude Venard and John Nash Exhibitions. Until Apr. 10. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

HEAL'S New Designs, 1954. Exhibition of furniture, fabrics, pottery, carpets, etc., by leading designers. Fourth floor. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. At 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. Free. At The Wellcome Research Institution, 183-193 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibition: The Life and Work of Paul Ehrlich. Daily (Sat. & Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNION Society of London, joint debate with Cambridge Union. Wed., April 7, 8 p.m. Common Room, Gray's Inn. "That university education is an unnecessary prolongation of childhood." Visitors welcome. Tube Station: Chancery Lane.

"AHAD Ha-Am." Lecture by Prof. Leon Roth, M.A., D.Phil., F.B.A. (formerly Ahad Ha-Am Professor of Philosophy, Hebrew University). Sunday, April 4, at 3.30 p.m. at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood, N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday, 7 p.m., Apr. 6. General Discussion. Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. To-night, Friday, Apr. 2. Dr. Z. Jordan, "Polish Frontiers." Fri., Apr. 9. General Discn.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public Lect. Fridays, 8.15. Apr. 9: F. G. Feather, "The Defence of Individual Rights," 62 Queen's Gdns., Bayswater.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Public Lecture Wed., April 7, 6.30 p.m., "Buddhism—and the word that exhorts," Mrs. M. H. Robbins. Read "The Middle Way," Journal of Buddhist Society.

MARYLEBONE Fabian Society, Dinner-Debate, "The Strike is an Outmoded Weapon," S. McAdden, M.P. and I. Mikardo, M.P. Tues., April 6, 7 p.m. Guests 6*s.* 6*d.*, call CUN. 6546.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Discussions: Thurs., Apr. 8, 8.15. The Work of Victor Passmore. Speakers: Adrian Heath, David Lewis, David Sylvester, Peter Reyner Banham. Chair: Lawrence Alloway. Tues., Apr. 13, 8.15. Illus. Architectural Criticisms—Lansbury Housing Scheme, P. Johnson-Marshall and Arthur Ling, Architect Planners L.C.C., lead discn. Chair: J. M. Richards, Mems. 2*s.*, non-mems. 3*s.* Membership invited.

BRAINS' Trust on Art: Stella Mary Pearce, Stephen Bone, Michael Middleton, Bernard Denvix. Chairman: Rooney Pelletier. Arr. by Finsbury Art Group (Chairman: Eric Newton) Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St., E.C.1 (nr. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave.), Mon., April 5, 8.15. Non-members 1*s.*

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., April 7, at 7.30. S. H. C. Woolrych: "The Council of Europe." St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2*s.*

NAZI Bombs Again on British Schools? Speakers: Gordon Schaffer and Dorothy Diamond. Tues., April 6. Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1., 7 p.m. Admission 6*d.* Teachers for Peace.

CHESS: Soviet End-Games. Lecture, H. Lommer. Tues., April 6, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Admission 1*s.* 6*d.* (S.C.R. & students 1*s.*).

LADY Flemming: "The Permanent Value of an Ethical Movement," The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St W 8. Sunday, April 4, at 6.30 p.m.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. April 3 at 6 p.m. Miss R. Tomatis: "Capri Fuori Stagione."

PROF. Norman Bentwich on "The Hebrew University and the Legal Profession in Israel." P.A.T.W.A members and all interested welcome. 8 p.m., Wed., Apr. 7, Anglo-Israeli Club, 43 Great Windmill St., W.1.

YOGA. Tuesday evenings, 6.30, Caxton Hall, Westminster. Subject for April 6, 13, 20 and 27: "Meditation in the Far East." Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Adm. free.

SOCIALIST Party of Gt. Britain Public Meeting, Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Victoria. Sun., Apr. 4, 7 p.m. "Socialist Future": C. May & A. Turner.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, Sunday 11 a.m., April 4. S. K. Ratcliffe, "The New Note in Biography." Adm. free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1*s.* 6*d.*

ADLERIAN Society of Great Britain. "An Adlerian Approach to Delinquency": Dr. E. Weissmann, Friday, April 9 at 7.30 p.m. punctually, Friends' House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Non-members 2*s.*

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. April 4, "Spiritual Basis of Matter."

LONDON Jewish Society. "Race Relations—a slogan or a subject?" Talk by Mr. Maurice Freedman, Lecturer of the London School of Economics. Vienna Café. Berkeley Court, Baker St., W.1. Tuesday, April 6, 8 p.m. Visitors 2*s.* 6*d.*

BRITISH & Soviet Historians' Discussions: R. H. Hilton, Thurs., April 8, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Adm. 1*s.* 6*d.* (S.C.R. & students 1*s.*).

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 p.m. Sunday, April 4, Studio, 29 Addison Ave., W.11 (nr. Holland Pk. Stn.). Discrse.: Allen Skinner, "Religious Restatement."

YOGA. Self-realisation. How is it attained? Monday, April 5, 7.30 p.m. at 22d Ebury Street, S.W.1. Adm. 2*s.* 6*d.*

WARSAW Ghetto Uprising! New evidence. "Documents of Resistance and Martyrdom." Lecture by Alec Wasserman. Chair: I. Pushkin. Ann Herbert tells of her recent interview with Warsaw's Chief Rabbi. Fri., April, 9, 7.45. British-Polish Friendship Society, 81 Portland Place, W.1.

NOEL Streatfeild will talk on "A Writer's Life" at the Town Hall, Hampstead. April 8, 8 p.m. Silver collection.

ACADEMY House Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11, 8 p.m., Monday, April 5. Imogen Holst on "Modern English Music." Visitors welcome.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

ANTHROPOLOGY: Progressive League Conference, Whitsun, June 4/7, Lodge Hill, Pulborough, Sussex. Chair: Dr. P. Stirling. K. C. Rosser: Politics and Status in Primitive and Western Society; R. M. Berndt: Social and Cultural Change; H. A. Powell: The Family in Social Structure; and Film: The Trobiand Islanders; E. M. Mendelson: The Individual and Society in Primitive Religion; D. Mitchell: An Anthropological Approach to Rural Problems; Brains Trust Fee: £3 17*s.* 6*d.* Double and treble rooms only. Apply to Miss M. MacNamara (P.L.), 54, Leinster Square, W.2.

POLISH Society of Architects invite architects, planners and local government officials interested in housing and reconstruction to international conference in Warsaw and tour of Poland from June 17-28. Particulars from C. Hamp, 126 Wigmore St., London, W.1.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

LONDON Labour Party Easter Lectures. Britain and International Affairs. Fri., April 2: Commonwealth Relations, Lecturer: Rt. Hon Phillip Noel Baker, M.P. Fri., April 9: Britain and the United States, Lecturer: Hon. Kenneth Younger, M.P. Wed., April 14: Britain and the U.S.S.R.—East-West Trade, Lecturer: Rt. Hon. Harold Wilson, M.P. All lectures Church House, Bishop Partridge Hall, Great Smith St., S.W.1, 7.30. Tickets 1*s.* each. Series ticket all lectures 2*s.* 6*d.* Applications: London Labour Party, 258-262 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1.

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WRITING Satire: week-end course led by Glynn Faithfull, Apr. 30; also "Silk Screen Printing," at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221. (This week: Square Dancing, next: Poetry, Market Research.)

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

"LABOUR and Public Opinion": Fabian Easter School. Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. April 15-19, David Butler, Charles Fletcher-Cooke, M.P., Lena Jeger, M.P., Ian Mikardo, M.P., William Pickles, Vicky, Michael Young. Details from: Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

EASTER and Summer Drama Schools. Three Arts Centre, W.1. (Day/Evg.). Director: Marian Naylor Acting Technique, Speech. Stage Movement, Production, Make-up, &c. 4½*gns.* & 5½*gns.* Syllabus: Mrs. M. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

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